The Bystander, June 28, 1916.—No. 656. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

A NAIAD OF TO-DAY

A charming and timely snapshot on the Thames last week

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Bystander NON-WAR Comments

BY THE EDITOR

"Keep the War Out"

A CORRESPONDENT at the Front entreats me to "keep the war out of this issue," he having got wind somehow of a Summer Number in the offing. His letter arrived too late: the pages had been passed for press. It does happen, however, that the war has kept itself, to a very large extent, out of this issue, without any pressure from us, and I am wondering what precisely is the war's motive in this new-found assumption of modesty.

It's Quietly Busy

IT isn't as though the war was slacking. Never since it began has it been busier getting on with itself than during the past week. (I won't go into details.) You know, and I know, and we all know, that it's been having the time of its life these last days. It has, nevertheless, contrived deliberately to keep itself out of these particular columns, and I am speculating on what are its future intentions in our respect.

Is It Going To Stop Out?

PLEASE understand my position is an entirely neutral one. I neither desire the war to keep out or to stay in, but only to please its omnipotent self. But I do want to have a sort of notion as to its future intentions, because if it intends to stay out, there's lots of war-work that might be done, and there's a lady member of the editorial staff who could, were the war out of it, make this paper quite attractive during such time as said war duties might be eligible for the attention of her male associate.

THE SMILE OF SMILES

H.M. The Queen-Mother on her tour through London, greatly delighted with the success of the thousands of helpers in the good work she inaugurated five years ago

The Theatres Have Forgotten It

THAT the war can, if it likes, keep out of the public eye without being missed is abundantly clear by a visit to the theatres. Of twenty-five playhouses (legitimate) only one of them has the war as the subject of its programme, and that is the Scala, at which the War Office "presents" the "finest war-films ever seen." At none of the remaining twenty-four does the war get more than a momentary look-in, and everybody is glad when it leaves. If the war is satisfied that thousands of people should sit for three hours nightly in more or less blissful unconsciousness of its existence, will it not soon be giving the cold shoulder to the newspapers?

So Have the American Papers

I PICKED up a copy of the *New York World* the other day, with the hope of finding out "the truth" about things in England, to discover that it devoted only one and a half columns out of about a hundred to the whole war, and they didn't include any "truth" at all about ourselves. Quite the contrary. The hundred millions or so of Americans seem to be leading their usual normal lives—save for a Presidential Election—and the result is hundreds of headlines of the most pulsating kind.

What's Going On?

WHY should we, too, not have our share of the non-war news? When you've deducted our five millions of soldiers, there still remain some forty millions of human beings in these islands, who are leading their more or less usual normal lives. How comes it that they manage to live them without providing our newspapers with more than a beggarly half-column of copy daily?

No Sensations Now

SINCE the war began there has been only one non-belligerent inhabitant of these isles who has succeeded in providing a newspaper sensation rivalling war news, and that was the Slingsby baby. It seems to be a gross reflection either on the other forty millions of non-fighters or on the newspapers. Either the millions are, by living hopelessly dull, un-newsy lives, failing to justify their continued existence on this planet or the newspapers are wilfully neglecting their duties as recorders.

No Other Happenings?

THERE must be newsy things happening all over the place that have no connection whatever with war. The war, after all, takes place outside these

(Continued on page 564)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 563)

islands, save for occasional Zep raids which must not be reported, and its effect on the lives of the non-belligerent is hardly tangible. Why are we not allowed to know more of the human things that must be happening daily outside the war zone?

⁂ ⁂

Soldiers for the Picking

Oh, yes, I know! Were the newspapers to publish long accounts of non-war happenings it might have the deplorable effect of "taking our minds off the war." Firstly, it wouldn't; secondly, if it did it would be no harm. Having Compulsory Service, the military authorities are in no further need of artificially stimulating patriotism. They can help themselves to soldiers as they can to strawberries, and it is no more necessary that the soldier should be thinking about the war than it is that a strawberry should be thinking about your mouth. A soldier does not fight any better, but probably a good deal worse, if he is "thinking about the war." The war in general is the thing that is discussed least by those who are taking part in it.

⁂ ⁂

Two Schools of Prophets

One of the favourite means among public men and newspapers of dodging war-talk is to indulge in after-war talk. Of late we have had quite a lot of discussion as to what is to happen here, there, and everywhere when the war is over. As usual, we divide ourselves into two extremes. On the one side there are those who foresee a mere relapse into precisely the same conditions as existed before August, 1914; on the other are those who believe that brand-new conditions must come, with a brand-new population completely revised, refurnished, and redecorated according to their own particular specification.

⁂ ⁂

Reformers Reformed

Personally, I believe that we shall neither have the old conditions nor the brand-new ones, but a bewildering blend of the two. There will be a natural tendency to relapse to the *status quo ante*, which will be corrected by the *joie de vivre* of physical fitness. What one may look for is an era of furious reform in conflict with furious retrogression. If a new type of citizen is wanted, the Reformers will be told forcibly to reform themselves, and to leave severely alone the returned warrior, who, having had his life spared unto him, will demand the right to live it according to his own personal inclinations, and not to model it to any shape fancied by faddists who have never faced death.

⁂ ⁂

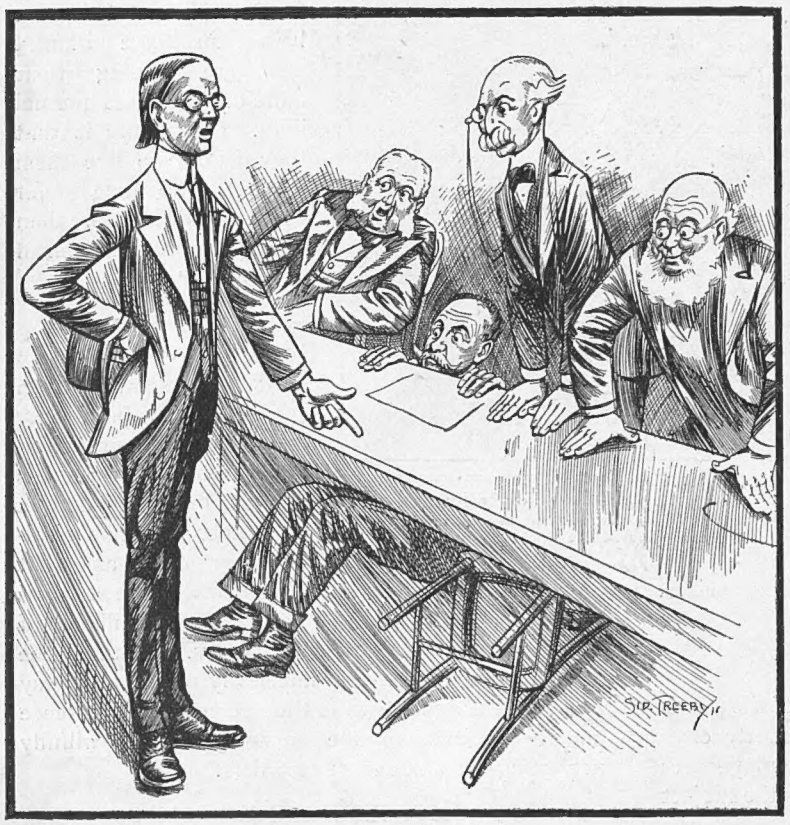
No Room Left—Bad Luck!

Having demonstrated to my own satisfaction, if not to yours, that it is a positive national duty to give attention to non-war topics, I shall be expected to put my principles into practice. With all the will in the world, however, my space is near its end. Besides, the only non-war subject to receive any attention whatever in this (Monday) morning's paper is the Summer Sales, which my comments upon would be far too exhausting and penetrating for the weather. Besides, there are Blanche's solicitors and claims for infringement of copyright to be considered. I can only promise that if only non-war people will do interesting things and the papers will report them this journal will do its best to please the Front by talking about them.

⁂ ⁂

Awake, Algernon Ashton!

Will criminals, litigants, lordlings and chorus girls, suffragettes, faddists, charlatans and others please begin to get busy? What about a return to the publicity of private life of the Rev. Smyth Piggott? Or Mr. Algernon Ashton on tombstones? Are there no new "proofs" of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare to be dug up from the bed of the Wye? Has Sir Oliver Lodge not been meeting any spirits lately? Is the Play Censor dead? Are there no sex problems? What has happened to Mrs. Ormiston Chant? Has Dean Inge exhausted his gloom-supply? Mrs. Besant, the Great Mahatma, Aleister Crowley, Bergson, and—Miss Marie Corelli? Surely not *all* engaged in winning the war? Could not a special murder mystery, on entirely novel lines, be arranged by Carmelite House for a run through July and August?—a nice clean murder, suitable for homely reading? Surely the papers could, if they liked, wake non-war things up a bit? Something ought really to be done and at once, or the war will end suddenly (according to Lord Derby) and the boys will return to a Blighty that isn't worth returning to.

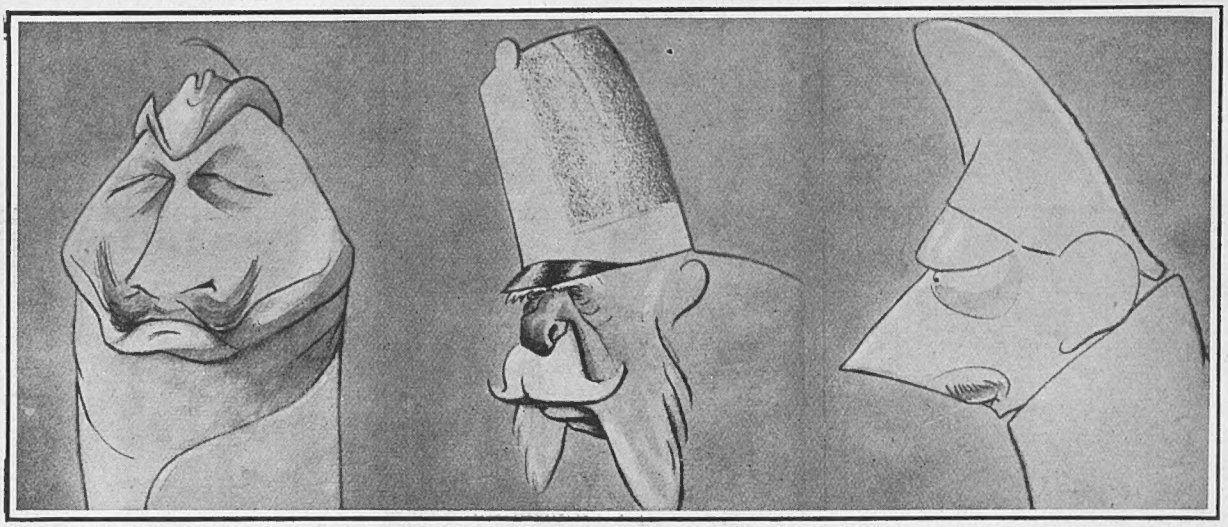


PEOPLE WE HAVEN'T YET MET

Man appealing on conscientious grounds *against* rejection

Not Exactly What They Had in Mind!

SULTAN MEHMET: "Yes, I see, Brother, we have raised a 'Holy War' all right—b-b-b-but it's c-c-coming the wrong w-w-way !!!"



ITALY DOES HER BIT

Some caricatures by Umberto Tirelli, executed before Italy came into the war, and now on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, in which the Italian artist shows himself as good a Hun-hater as the best of us

"Fragments" and the Enemy

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL FROM A CAPTURED GERMAN OFFICER

"SOMEWHERE" IN SIBERIA,
May, 1916

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.]

DEAR SIR—

You will no doubt be gratified to hear that a copy of your publication, "Fragments from France," by Captain Bairnsfather, has penetrated to the very heart of the Asiatic Continent and, chancing upon a colony of officers in somewhat dolefull circumstances, occasioned a most welcome spell of hilarity there.

It is to be feared, however, that your gratification will undergo a violent shock on the disclosure that the officers in question are German prisoners — members of that ill-favoured people which, according to the established notion among Englishmen, is totally void of humour and, to use the term of your "Foreword," went into the war scowling.

Reluctant as I am to return good with evil, I cannot spare you the disappointing intelligence that certain fears expressed in the "Foreword" already mentioned have proved groundless. Far from being "infuriated" on turning the pages of "Fragments from France," the enemy so far forgot his true nature as to enjoy a very hearty laugh.

Situations of the kind so truthfully pictured by Captain Bairnsfather are not exclusive prerogatives of the British. No more is the standard remedy against the spiritual unpleasantnesses of such situations—humour—an "Allies" monopoly. Publications of the "Fragments" type are as popular with us as with you, and go like hot cakes when to be had. But it's hard to beat Captain B.'s rendering of the subject.

The experience of the Baron of Grogzwig, who, by a timely laugh banished the genius of despair and suicide, may be likened unto the more recent example (illustrated on page 16 of "Fragments"), in which Private Jones (late Zogitoff, comedy wire artist) demonstrates humour as a reducer of hate. I am of the opinion that the whole book tends towards an effect similar to that produced by the admirable Mr. Jones's stunts.

This avowal on the part of "an

Reduced fac-simile of the envelope which brought the German officer's missive

arch enemy" is, I fear, calculated to compromise you horribly if ever known to the persecutors of your cartoon, "Reported Missing" (who, by the way, are very likely disguised Teutons; or how would you account for their suspicious lack of humour?). Let me, therefore, out of gratitude for enjoyment bestowed upon us (even though that bestowal was unintentional), entreat you to abstain from carelessly committing this dangerous document to the paper-basket. I should recommend either to destroy it secretly at the dead of night, or—after sprinkling well with holy water—to secret it in the confines of your most innocent-looking, therefore safest, strong box.

I very much regret the present impossibility of enclosing the conventional card, and remain,

Yours truly,

GERMANSKI OFFICER
(temporarily sidetracked).

P.S. 1.—With regard to the subject of "hate," will you permit me to point out that this invigorating quality is less appertaining to the fighting soldier than to the inspired civilian (uniformed and otherwise), who is freshly charged with it every morning at breakfast from the columns of his daily paper. (We read English papers here occasionally, and tremble in our shoes!)

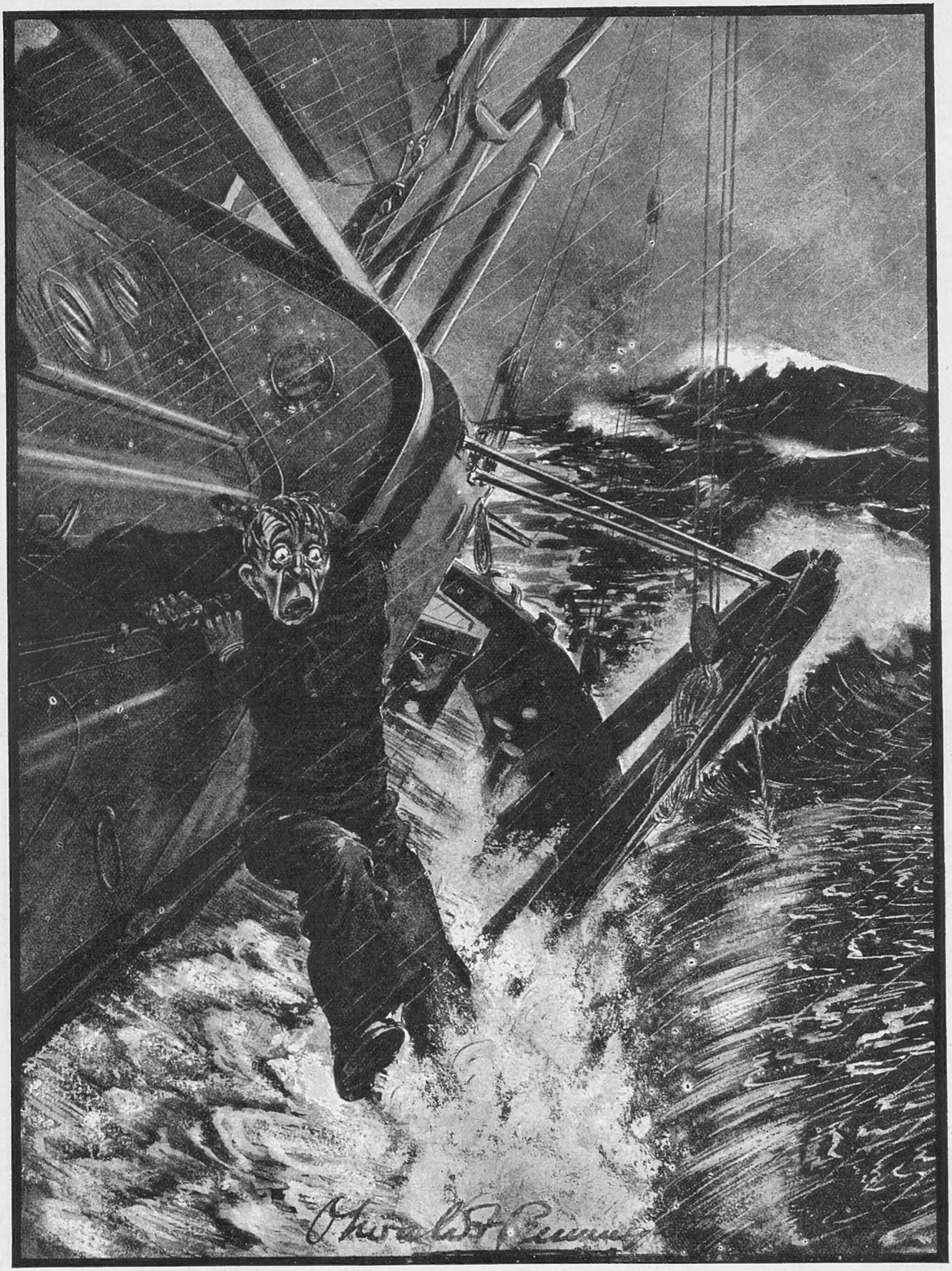
P.S. 2.—Compliments to Captain Bairnsfather, and we should like him to know that we are *so* pleased to provide a source of innocent amusement in the shrinking tendency of our forage caps and the generous dimensions of our waist measurement. Alas, that there should exist degenerate exceptions! My own personal "outer man" lacks both these endearing characteristics. I feel quite an imposter!

Captain B. has an observing eye for the *coiffures en vogue* among the belligerents. It remains a matter of taste whether to back the scalp of bristles or the head of hair like a wheatfield after the tornado (as patronised by your Tommies!). Let us meet half ways and call it a choice of evils!

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

[*We have no intention of consigning to the waste-paper basket the MS. of this most interesting letter, printed exactly as it was written, which has all the appearance of genuineness. We are glad, indeed, to believe that some of our enemies, at all events, are sufficiently free from "hate" to be able actually to enjoy British humour.*]

Why?—oh! Why?



CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR (in mine-sweeper): "Why the 'ell didn't I join the harmy when I had the chanst?"

BY LIEUT. O. F. PENNINGTON, R.N.R.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"Hen-pecked and harried husbands—now applauded as heroes"

LONDON, *June 26, 1916.*

DEAR COUSIN—

Now that the Military Service Act is at last in fairly going order we really are beginning to feel the draught pretty badly—in the way of shortage of men, I mean, though they have been quite unexpectedly generous in the way of exemptions, in cases of the older "marrieds." Of course, for a very long time now all the fit men one knows have been getting horridly few and far between, and to meet anything even moderately young who's not on leave or in training has been quite an event.

⁂ ⁂

But now the *others* have gone. You know, all the men who did all the everyday jobs, the things we thought indispensable and that don't require any brains to do them—driving taxis and waiting at table, and clipping tickets, and serving in shops, and "seeing" the gas-meter, and all the rest of the small things we civilised peoples make life so much more complicated than we need with.

⁂ ⁂

It's inconvenient, of course, in lots of ways. But on the whole we're not grumbling *very* much, and the general idea seems to be that so long as it helps with the war what does *anything* matter? And when there are thousands who've lost all that makes life worth living so that England might live, even the most selfish and thoughtless seem to think it's rather up to them not to make a fuss just because things don't run on quite such smoothly oiled wheels as they used to.

"'Blanche, dear,' he writes . . . ."

⁂ ⁂

But, apropos, I'm rather amused at the growing *preciousness* of man. I don't mean about the birth-rate, though if what the Bishops and people who've been sitting in secret session on the subject say is true, someone'll simply have to do something about it soon. (In Germany they've abolished all the rules about marriage and things, I believe, but we wouldn't think it quite nice to go quite so far as *that* in England, I don't suppose.)

⁂ ⁂

I mean, he, man in war-time, is so *appreciated*. Henpecked and harried husbands who once upon a time hardly dared to call their souls their own and were regarded as necessary nuisances, are now applauded as heroes for whom England was only waiting—to clinch this little matter of the war. And this by wives of that very common type who deem the bird in the hand as of absolutely no consequence whatever. While the fatted calf is slaughtered, regardless of expense, when the prodigal son comes home—in khaki.

⁂ ⁂

It's the same old story, isn't it?—we poor weak females succumbing in clumps to the charms of the dashing milingtary. Even the real, true inwardness of the soldiers' job—the killing, jabbing, primitive part, I mean—can't put us off. And as for the ancient legend about women's delicacy. . . . You should have seen four sweet young things I know hearing without a qualm or a wriggle from a youthful "one-star wonder" how he really and truly had pushed the enemy's face in!

⁂ ⁂

By the way, talking of fatted calves, I'm thinking of giving up feeding in restaurants—for the duration of the war, anyway. For one thing, in London now the *rush* is so awful—don't know whether it's because of all the Allies we're entertaining or what, but there really are too many people about for comfort. Also, I'm a little bit tired of Rachmaninoff's "*Prélude*" and very tired of "The Broken Doll," and absolutely fed-up with "The Happy Day." And, lastly, it positively gives me indigestion to be frightfully badly *and* grudgingly waited upon—really makes one almost regret the days of long ago when the (then) humble Hun banged the plates about and made your bill out wrong.

⁂ ⁂

Of course, things still go fairly smoothly in the best and most expensive restaurants—though even there things aren't what they were. But in the cheaper ones. . . . There's one in Soho of some fame which has replaced its waiters by sour-visaged Italian women, and I really thought we'd be stilettoed or something the other day when, not feeling hungry, only greedy, we began dinner on cutlets and peas and couldn't and wouldn't be battered or bullied into *hors-d'œuvre*, soup, salmon, omelettes, or even a cocktail.

ONE Neapolitan murderess—I mean, waitress—simply couldn't conceal her scorn and contempt for such simple-lifers. In unspeakable Italian-English she inquired if that was "orl," and made it evident she preferred munition millionaires and might just as well have stayed in dear dirty Naples if this was what happened in rich England. And it wasn't any good telling the one and only waiter that she frightened us—'cos she evidently frightened him, too.

❀ ❀

BUT from all one hears the very rudest waiters here are perfect models of good manners compared with the American species of that somewhat trying breed. Seems over there if you don't look slippy and take what you're given quick and soon they fairly strafe you, and even at the Ritz-Carlton, which really is, you know, quite as grand and expensive as it sounds, the waiters *nudge* you. I just don't think I could *bear* that, do you, even in the free-est country?

"One Neapolitan . . . . simply couldn't conceal her scorn!"

❀ ❀

AN Englishman in New York, too, has just been writing me what a perfectly *unbearable* person the German-American is. America may be pro-Ally all right, or, at least, she says she is, doesn't she? But the German-American most certainly isn't, and doesn't care who knows it. And as he appears to have assimilated the very worst characteristics of his adopted country and kept his own—well, enough said, isn't it?

❀ ❀

APART from the waiter trouble, though, the restaurants are really delightfully picturesque and amusing these war-nights. All the khaki and the leather and the tabs is so much more interesting and decorative and all that than the old black or dark-blue and brown, and it's because we're so unused to uniforms, I suppose, that we all turn and look again even now at the Russian and French and Belgian officers in their delightfully gaudy turn-outs. I don't know that I'm madly in love with the new French one—it's so very blue-grey, and the funny flat pudding-basin helmet is all of a piece and dreadfully unbecoming, and there isn't any relief anywhere. But I'm enthralled and amazed and held spell-bound to this day by the sight of a bald and beefy Belgian officer-man manipulating the Carlton's crimson bortsch (with cream) *without* untidying (much) his nine-inch-each-way black moustache.

❀ ❀

TALKING of soldiers on leave reminds me that one at home's been strafing me sore because I've committed, it appears, the horrible sin of telling a story that's been told not once, but many times, before; one, in fact, that's *very* frayed at the edges. "Blanche, dear," he writes, "it was absolutely unworthy of you, and I would very much like to smack you for it. I've read your delightful letters from the very first, and have had nothing to complain of till now, and I feel about it just as a girl would who had been dancing with an awfully nice tempy sub. who was now leading her to the refreshment-room.

❀ ❀

"HIS whole appearance and manners simply shout champagne cup. He leads her to a secluded spot, and plunges into the food-gathering press. She tingles with anticipation, visualising nectar and ambrosia. Presently he returns with two mugs of beer and a couple of sausages. Her feelings are mine.

❀ ❀

"BUT you can redeem yourself by being a good and chastened girl in future who does not believe all the things these long-winded Canadians tell her. You see, they have the nerve to pull off the oldest bluff. I *know*, for I happen to be one myself. And so goodbye. Keep up the splendid work in your splendid old style, and I will pray to Jove, Allah, Phœbus, Baal, Lloyd George, and any other gods there be to keep you in the straight path far above any pre-Loos stories. I must end by saying that I write this for your good, and that it hurts me much more than it does you."

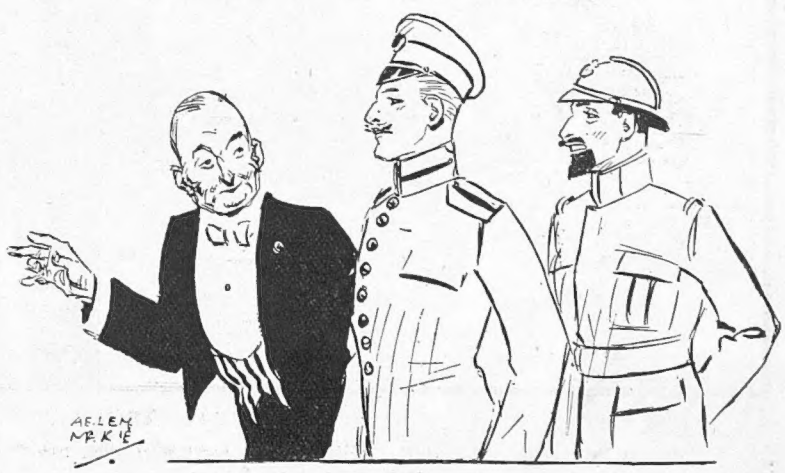
❀ ❀

AND there's such an apt P.S. where they generally put the crosses that I may as well quote that too. "BLANCHE: Well! Of all the confounded cheek!! Sauce like that from a blankety blank one-star wonder! And the beast not even in France. . . . He's a slacker, one of the cease-fire brigade, a conscientious objector who has obtained a commission through pull, and a safe stay-at-home job. I like his nerve, I don't think!"

❀ ❀

BUT I really am, you know, getting really rather nervous of these Canadians. Spoils one's faith in human nature, doesn't it, when they pull your leg every time?

(Continued on page 570)



"We all turn and look again at the Russian and French"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 569)

APROPOS, what about this? Three rather sweet babes of the bounding blue, or midshipmen of the Grand Fleet, tell me that in their ship during the great battle "some difficulty was experienced in keeping the men under armour, so intent were they on collecting splinters of enemy shells as soon as they burst. One was overheard to remark, 'Ere, Bill, 'arf a mo. I ain't got one for mother yet!'

"AND now tell us truly, Blanche, when you saw the first announcement of our scrap; were you one of the 'mouldy million,' or did you still put your money on the Blue and Gold? Apropos, it staggered *us* rather, we can assure you, when we returned in the best of spirits well pleased at the result of our first pukka stunt."

I LIKE the little story of the rating who was carried into port so badly wounded that he was bandaged literally from head to foot. They told him that the impression was that the Battle of Jutland was a defeat and not a victory. He sat up, or tried to, and said with terrific truculence, "*Oo* ses it wasn't a victory? If anyone says it wasn't a victory I'll—well, push his —— face in!"

IT'S quite gay in London now except for the war and things, though there is talk of a real push somewhere at last. And people are rather worrying over the Mesopotamia business—what a war of lulls it is, isn't it? The Charity Show of the week's a Chelsea Fair in Chelsea Hospital Grounds, where they have the Flower Show, and there's opera every night, and quite a lot of dances in Mayfair, and a rose show at the Botanic Gardens, and an economy exhibition at Prince's, and an Italian War Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, and summer sales at all the shops. And as for the big revue shows I do believe they'd be 'house full' every night even if the Germans got here. There's another flag day next week—Russian this time. They got nearly £6,000 at the last, a cigarettes-for-soldiers one, so we can't be so very fed-up with them, after all; and strawberries are "in," and this is my greedy week, for as someone's said, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

BY the way, it's some more sailormen who write to say they're very glad to hear that I'm not "adversely influenced" by the extravagance in dress campaign. "It would, indeed, be a calamity if we were to return from our exile to find you rigged up in a flannel petticoat and a lustre skirt. We long for the delights one associates with sunshine and London."

DEAR things! We've been wearing our furs *most* of June, but still. . . . And they certainly are *very* cool, the very newest dresses. I saw one at the Ambassadors the other night that really made even *me* feel a tiny bit gaspy. It was embroidered black *tulle* or chiffon worn with nothing underneath at all, except, of course, black silk legs. I *do* hope it's going to be a *very* warm summer.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

HIS REAL TROUBLE

HE: "His wife ran away with their chauffeur"
SHE: "Oh! how sad!"
HE: "Yes; he misses the car awfully, poor chap!"

A Soldier's Wife

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MRS. ADRIAN BETHELL

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner. She was married last summer to Captain Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards, and has lately presented him with a daughter

BELLICOSITIES

THOUGH our Government has in hand a Bill to forbid the melting of sovereigns in this country, it may quite possibly find itself compelled to assist in dissolving one in Greece.

⁂

IT is interesting to hear of food riots at Kiel, where the depressing influences under which the Hun has now to struggle have evidently extended from the naval to the alimentary canal.

⁂

"EVEN after the war," says Admiral von Köster, "Germany will need a strong fleet." That is as it may be; but after the war she will certainly need a fleet of some kind.

⁂

A GIRL baby at Brentford is reported to have been lately christened "Verdun." It was not stated, however, whether her parents showed sufficient sense of the fitness of things to have her baptised by a canon.

⁂

WOMEN omnibus conductors may fairly claim to have stolen a march upon their Suffragette sisters. While the latter are still waiting for votes, the former have already managed to obtain seats.

⁂

GENERAL VON SCHACK, who commanded before Verdun, is stated to have been "pensioned by the Kaiser," apparently on account of his failure to keep Douaumont Fort. So far, the Crown Prince's claim to a retiring allowance on similar grounds does not seem to have been entertained.

⁂

THE ingenious Boches have found a new source of revenue in Belgium which, in the nature of things, cannot fail to prove extraordinarily productive. A Brussels barrister has been fined £20 for smiling contemptuously at a German minor official. Probably he thought it worth the money—but in any case he couldn't help it. Who could?

MR. HUGHES will assuredly be the last man to resent the description of himself by the *Cologne Gazette* as "the Australian shirt-sleeve politician." On the contrary, he will welcome this bitter recognition of the fact that he has taken his coat off in the economic fight which is to complete the smashing of Germany.

⁂

SOMEHOW, the law of compensations always works out. Thus, the long-bearded man who unsuccessfully applied for exemption on the ground that he had never used a razor has the consolation of knowing that there is no place for getting accustomed to "close shaves" like the trenches.

⁂

VIENNA is plastered with posters urging the population of that delightful city to display "greater strength and determination of character." These posters, one would think, might have been distributed to greater advantage over the Austrian battle-front, for the benefit of such of their men as are not already prisoners.

The Favouring Gale

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING

"Good Form"

ADVERTISEMENT BY EXAMPLE—A TIP TO THE GOVERNMENT

ECONOMY THAT IS BOUND TO ATTRACT ATTENTION—IF ONLY FROM THE POLICE

Calm Reflections

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE WATERSIDE AT WONERSH, SURREY: A DELIGHTFUL AND REFRESHING PICTURE OF A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND IN SUMMER-TIME

SOME "SUMMERY" REMINDERS FROM THE TRENCHES

DEAR BYSTANDER—

YOU'LL be having a Summer Number, and I want to put you right about it. That's cheek, I suppose, to start with. Never mind, I'm right, as I feel sure you will admit before I've finished. If your Summer Number is for *us*—we don't want War in it. That's my point. But I am going to try to tell you what we *do* want in it—and that will be my difficulty. Of course I know all right, but it isn't easy for a fellow like me to write just what he wants to.

BEFORE I get on let me say at once that THE BYSTANDER on the war has been tophole. It is absolutely the one and only. Bairnsfather gets a bull every time, and "Blanche" makes us tingle again with sheer joy. Taking us all round we chaps out here are the last who wish to hear the word war even mentioned. We are in it—never quite get away from it—and know just as much of it as we want to. It is no good the Summer BYSTANDER wearying us with our weariness. We want you to help us to forget the war for a day or two, and to see to it that we do *not* forget the jolly cushy times that we had *before* the war, and which we look forward to enjoying again. That's my point. Twiggey-vous?

EVEN a Sub. can have his thoughts, his memories, and his hopes. I have lots of 'em. Just now in odd moments I am happier in looking back on the past. In the future, for some of us, there is an "If." Those crack-brained cranks at home who say that after the war we are all to be saints have not been out here. *We're* not fighting for strait-waistcoats for ever and ever. We are fighting for a jolly good time, and we mean to have it, too. Tell us of all the things we did and loved doing and are never, never, never to do again. Oh, shan't we indeed! We are not out here for the Rev. Mr. Meyer or for cocoa cranks or Stiggins or mug-wumps or gutless jellyfish, with white ties, big soft stomachs, and oily hands. Not much. We're here to win the right to have a beano.

I'M doing this letter in bits, although I hope you won't pay for it in instalments. Since I shot off the last whack I've been mellowing in cushy thoughts. Something happened to one of my pals, but I need not say anything about that. Poor Old Jack! But a thing like that takes the cream off. And curiously when this business had got right home on me I felt that it was all unreal. My idea was that Louis N. Parker or F. R. Benson, or some of those fellows, had tracked their way to the lips of hell crater and had looked in and had been so taken with the idea that they had dished up for us a jolly good reproduction. When you are in trouble *noise* hits you more than anything else. There are two kinds of *noises* here—the greater and the lesser. The screech and scream and earth-rending shell-burst, that's the greater noise. But the lesser is the worst, and the lesser it is the more awesome and creepyish. Just spend a few hours in a listening-post and you'll know. But, hang it all, I'm talking of the war myself.

"One has the streets to one's self"

DO you know it was the birds that gave me the idea of writing this letter to you. God! how I love birds! I always have loved them. And in spite of the general hell they bravely keep near us. It is *they* that take my thoughts back and wing them forward. They remind me of the meadows at home and the woods and streams, and, above all, of peace beneath a sky that does not shudder and of a world where life is sacred. They set me thinking of the Peace that was and of the Peace that is to be again. So *do* help us to forget the present.

WHEN I woke the other morning I was crying. I had dreamt that I was on the river with Clarice.

(*Continued on page 576*)

LEST WE FORGET (*concluded from page 575*)

"I dreamt that I was on the river with Clarice"

Clarice ought not to have been there at all, of course, but she was a dear sweet girl, a brilliant liar and kissed like—well, *you* know. [I *don't* know at all, but if the gentleman will put me into touch with Clarice I will ask "Blanche" to tell me what she thinks of her.—Ed.] Now do tell us something about the river. Is Penton Hook where it was? Are the houseboats still at their moorings, and do delicious creatures in gauzy white punt under the shadow of the willows? I was there when war broke out—not with Clarice that time—there were several of us there, and when we had finished saying how the whole show would be ended in six months, old —— chipped in very solemnly, "Well, lads, it is *your* job, and God bless you all." Poor old ——, he's gone, and so is ——. Oh, curse it. Penton Hook is a graveyard—you must take me right away and give me pleasure.

❀ ❀

Well, what's wrong with London? Dear old London. I know everything is rotten at present. Drinks are as scarce as lights, and people who are confident and cheerful feel that they ought to have long faces and walk on tip-toe. But that is only the West End of to-day. It must be like a chorus-girl in mourning. Now if I ran The Bystander I should fill it with sky-high articles on London as it was. I would get all kinds of nice people to write them—some would have heliotrope noses and inventive memories, and *pasts* which the cat would run away from. But all the same they are the boys to write for you. They know—they've been through it all. They are the fellows we want in the next Cabinet. We will have no more of those chaps who can only talk. We want the men who have lived to govern us. There's my uncle, for instance. He put on a black tie when Jimmy's shut down, and he always said that when he died we should find "Café Royal" written on his heart. Poor old boy, we were all so fond of him that we could not think of looking!

❀ ❀

There are still some cheery spots in London. The Savoy and the Piccadilly—they are just what we want. But do remember when we are out here we look back on them with longing, and yearn to hear all about them. Just tell us of the latest dance-place and how the show goes, and who is the "It" of all glances. We read everything we can get about the theatres and welcome old friends and jolly "arrivals" with more than a sigh of satisfaction.

❀ ❀

When I first tumbled across London I was a merry-faced youngster out for the heftiest good time that any chap set his heart upon. And I had it, too. I was always short of money, but I was of the bright order. The emptier my pockets the jollier I was. Is there anything more wonderful in the world than the West End streets at three on a June morning? One has them to one's self and swings jauntily along with opera hat cocked saucily aside, drinking deep draughts of the virgin air. (I insist on your printing virgin air—now, *please!*) See the same places at midday and they've lost their wizardry. There are no cupolas then, no fancied minarets. Everything is tawdry and prosaic and shockingly out for loot.

❀ ❀

I was supposed to be a ne'er-do-well, and surprised everyone but myself with success. As a matter of fact, I only failed when I succeeded. When I ceased to be happy-go-lucky-Dick I lost half my soul in exchange for a rotund respectability. Hard training has brought me back to primitive proportions and pleasantly barbaric tastes. I *insist* on returning to the London of my youth. And so do all the fellows round here. Send your County Councils to blazes—we've not fought for *them*. For the country's sake we braced ourselves to young men's work and we demand young men's pleasure. We have been for weary nerve-racking months in hell. When the lid is shut down we—well, we shall see that we get it!

The Venturer

The Tempestuous Petticoat

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

MISS DOROTHY MUNRO

A charming picture of this young actress—who was so successful in "The Boomerang"—calm in the midst of her "tempestuous petticoat"

"None but the Brave . . ."

A SUMMER-TIME SCENE IN HYDE PARK

Which is acquiring a new lease of life as a war-time rendezvous of beauty and gallantry

"FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE" (THIRD SERIES)

A Castle in the Air

"A few more, Bert, and that there Château won't be worth livin' in"

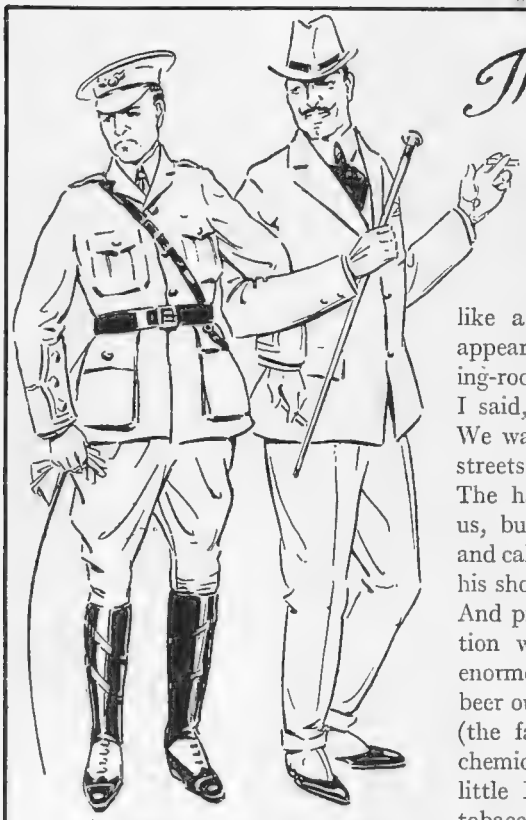
BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE" (THIRD SERIES)

The Freedom of the Seas

"I wish they'd 'old this war in England, don't you, Bill?"
(No answer)

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



"I don't want to go to bed"

The Bystander in Paris

A NIGHT WITH A ZEPPELIN

He was disgruntled. He said that the war had interfered with his illusions about Paris. "I like to think of Paris," he said, "as I have always known it, a city as wonderful as the London of which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in the New Arabian Nights, a city in which you may step at any moment out of the commonplace into the marvellous, a city. . . . Yes, I'll have the same again." When he had got his breath back he explained his full meaning. "The necessary rules and regulations during war-time have made Paris as dull as a garrison town in time of peace," he said. "I used to love, more than anything else in Paris, the utter absence of restriction as to hours, of an evening. Now, instead of sitting over your after-theatre supper till two, or three, or later in the morning if you like. . . ." He snorted. "I'm talking nonsense," he said. "There *is* no after-theatre supper, nowadays. There is nothing but darkness and inhospitality. Come on, let's go home!"

❀

Poor young war-horse! He was so indignant with the change of Paris that one could almost hear his bit champing. At length, "Come on," I said. "You deserve something to remind you of your four days' leave." He looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to go to bed," he said, exactly like a naughty child when nurse appears in the doorway of the drawing-room. "Now, Master George!" I said, and took him by the hand. We walked through the dark silent streets, and we went into a hotel. The hall-porter shook his head at us, but I knew him by his name, and called him by it, and he shrugged his shoulders and fulfilled our order. And presently we were in conversation with a fat man, who drank enormous quantities of light French beer out of bottles, whose finger-tips (the fat man's) were stained with chemicals, who smoked unceasingly little French cigarettes of Caporal tobacco, lighting the fresh cigarette from the stub of the old one and dropping the stub on the floor. His discourse was of the wonders of science. He had been all alone with the barman till we came in. He had a fishy eye, an Italian accent, and he never stopped talking, smoking, or drinking light French beer out of bottles. He was enormously fat, he was very, very dirty, his conversation was a droning monologue, but he held us like the Ancient Mariner. So we followed him into another room, and with a suddenness which made us gasp, he turned the lights out. From the darkness came a faint whirring sound, which grew louder and louder till it became a clank and a rattle. "Oh, but. . . ." "Hush," I said, for the noise and the darkness were impressive. And the fat man with the stained fingers drank beer and smoked, but was quite silent now. It was all very weird and uncanny. "Oh-oh," said George.

"A fat man . . . . who smoked unceasingly . . . . lighting the fresh cigarette from the stub of the old one"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

"There was some excitement among the group . . . and a big bet was being exchanged"

A CROWD of men in evening-dress were at the other end of the room. They were arguing, but they were a very long way off. We heard the plop as another bottle of light French beer was opened, and a lady passed through the crowd of men to a little palm garden beyond. One of the men followed her, spoke to her for a few moments, and returned to his friends. She was a very beautiful girl, who laughed, shaking her head as she went. Then she left the hotel and stepped into a motor-car. There was some excitement among the group at the end of the room, and we could see, though we heard nothing except the insistent clangour of machinery, that a bet, and a big bet, was being exchanged. I forget how we knew it, but we did know that the lady was leaving New York for Copenhagen there and then, and that the tall clean-shaven man who had spoken to her intended to follow her in a Zeppelin and bring her back within a given time to win a bet. The next moment we were watching that Zeppelin cross the Atlantic, and we arrived at Copenhagen. There was no doubt about it. It *was* Copenhagen. I know Lange Linie well. The tall man had changed into yachting clothes *en route*, but he was in spotless evening-dress again when he found the lady. She was leaving then and there for Russia. And again the Zeppelin rose into the air and raced the express train. In Petrograd at supper the American bribed the orchestra to play an American two-step, invited the lady to dance, and kidnapped her. The Russian officer who had been supping with her followed in hot pursuit over the Russian roads. Motor-cars broke down, Cossacks were enlisted to join in the pursuit. It was all as exciting and as unreal and as real as a dream. And there was the Zeppelin again, waiting on the far side of a lake. The fugitives swam a ford and got there first. The cigar-shaped airship rose into the air, and off it went across the Atlantic. Half way across there was a *panne*. The piano was thrown overboard, and some of the furniture from the cabins went with it, and the great cigar-ship rose again. The propeller whirred, clank, clank, clank, plop, glug, beer. We saw the glowing tip of the Italian's cigarette, and then the room full of men again, and the two travellers appeared. The lights flashed up. "Master George" and I sat staring at the Italian magician, who was opening another bottle of light French beer. "It's a wonderful little picture-machine, is it not?" he said. "No, no money, thank you. I do this for my amusement. I will not even allow you to pay for my beer. Oh, ten francs to my assistant, if you will. He is a mechanic! Me, I am an artist!" So we knew the Italian was real, anyhow.

❋

AND we rubbed our eyes, looked at our watches, saw that it was nearly four o'clock, shook hands with the fat Italian magician, left him drinking light French beer, and walked out into the darkness of the Paris street, which was becoming pearl-grey now.

"By George!" said George. "Paris is still Paris, after all!"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Master George and I sat staring at the Italian magician"

Keeping En

HOW THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE PREPARING T

T. E. HALSEY (Capt.) and N. A. PEARSON of Eton

E. CALROW (ETON)
A slow left-hander

E. CALROW, N. A. PEARSON, R. H. R. PALMER, VISCOUNT KINGSBOROUGH, and SIR A. W. M. BAILLIE (Eton)

Viscount KINGSBOROUGH
(Eton), a good sound all-rounder

A FINE CATCH
High up in the slips by W. G. L. F. LOWNDES (Eton)

L. C. ROYLE, H. G. WOODROFFE, G. M. BUTLER, L. H. K. GREGSON, B. MEWS, N. A. JESSOPP, O. E. BLEACKLEY, J. B. HUGHES
All of the Harrow XI.

N. A. JESSOPP
Vice-Captain of Harrow

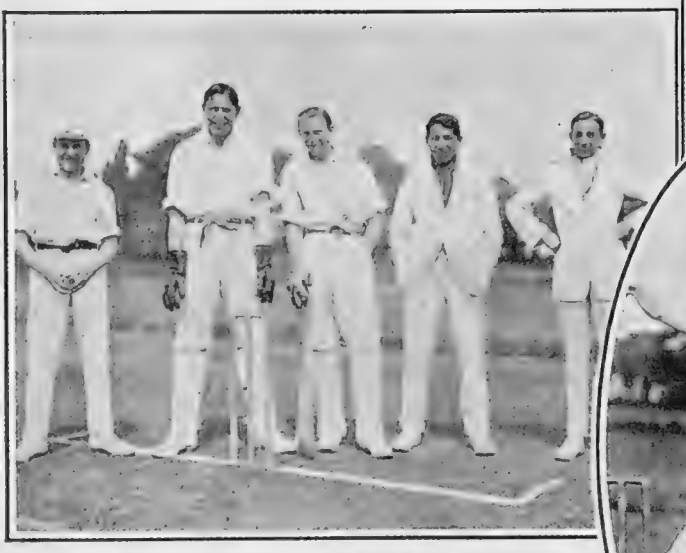
L. C. ROYLE (HARROW)
Son of the Rev. Vernon K. Royle, the famous cover-point

L. H. K. GREGSON
Captain of the Harrow XI.

[*Photographs*

and Going

AY TO WIN THE WATERLOOS OF TO-MORROW



E. J. DIBDIN, J. H. F. FLETCHER, W. R. SPARKS, E. W. MILES, and N. H. GOLDMAN—(Haileybury)

W. J. MALDEN (Captain) AND E. W. MILES—(Haileybury)

W. T. MILES (Haileybury)
A good fast right-hander

J. H. F. FLETCHER (Haileybury)
Brings off a neat bit of stumping

THE RUGBY XI.:—I. D. CAVE, P. S. B. SYDENHAM, C. D. McCARTHY, C. A. SAWYER, J. C. SIMPSON, W. G. PIRRIE, E. J. INGLIS, G. A. ROTHERHAM, M. D. LYON (Captain), A. E. ROBINSON, and F. R. KITTERMASTER

E. H. D. Sewell] E. J. INGLIS
One of the best bowlers in the Rugby XI.

G. A. ROTHERHAM (Rugby)
Puts one away nicely to leg

M. D. LYON
Captain of Rugby

A Little Talk About Games

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM

I'm beginning to believe that, by some Machiavellian Untersee-boot dodge, the Huns have succeeded in diverting the Gulf Stream, and thereby in robbing us of our summer. But summer or no summer, Hun or no Hun, whether June be freezing or frizzling, The Bystander Summer Number must come out; and a Summer Number must have something about games in it. Even if there aren't any.

Photograph *E. H. D. Sewell*

STALWART SONS OF FAMOUS FATHERS

Second-Lieutenants A. L. Steel and C. G. Hambro, of the Coldstream Guards. Mr. Hambro is a son of Mr. Eric Hambro, M.P., best of left-handed golfers; and Mr. Steel, of the late Mr. A. G. Steel, second only to "W. G." in the ranks of all-round cricketers

And where are you going to find them? I was in Oxford the other day—right in the middle of summer term. *What* a change from the actualities and activities of Before the War! No men, bar Rhodes Scholars, halt-and-maimed, Indians, and—scores of green- and blue-tabbed stout fellows who've learnt "all about it" in the trenches, and are now home to train for their commissions. And *won't* they be pukka officers, too! But they're far too busy just now for much amusement. Certainly, the combination of khaki coat and cap and white flannel trousers *was* to be seen—but rarely. No games. The cricket-pitches in the parks are probably full of larks' nests. The lawn-tennis courts were empty—of men. A few skiffs on the river, and plenty of punts on the Cher; but these were mostly tenanted by girls, or by boys in khaki—sometimes by both! And all looking very bronzed, and very happy.

And it's the same all over the country. The men are gone, and the over-agers who remain have—*really*, I think—lost absolutely all interest in games, even in their golf. Only millionaires and munitioneers can motor—or want to. There's no polo, naturally. Remain—women and boys. Thank goodness we have the boys still. In these topsy-turvy times they're both younger and older than they were. Younger, because as soon as they're eighteen they're "Class A," and are off like a shot; and so "the Sixth" don't finish out their school-days. Older, since even the young ones have a sort of a hope of a chance to be "in it" before the end comes, and look on life with a larger vision accordingly.

But they're keen on their cricket, still; and it won't make the "old boys" in the trenches any sadder to know that there are lots of good youngsters coming on to fill up the gaps the war must leave. And there *have* been some hot finishes! Look at the one between the two Severn schools, Malvern and Shrewsbury, the other day. The Foster dynasty's ended at Malvern (worse luck), and Shrewsbury got home by one wicket, on the very stroke of time, after having had all the worst of the game! Now, some of you O.M.'s and O.S.'s "out there" would have risked a mile of fizz-bangs and pip-squeaks to see that finish, and yell with the rest, wouldn't you?

There was another ripping game at Eton on "the Fourth." The Ramblers beat the College by twelve runs, also on the stroke of time; and on the same day Harrow knocked the Household Brigade—a match they love—by eighteen runs. Oh, the old blood's alive all right! Look at the two in the picture, stalwart sons of famous fathers, Hambro and Steel of the Coldstreamers, who had all to do with the win of their regiment over the Grenadier Guards at the Oval a week or two back. A. G. Steel, of immortal memory, would have been proud of his son; but perhaps it's as well that not *all* the boys should be better than their fathers.

There's a little golf in some places. In others, golf links have disappeared, first under camps, and then under the resultant mud. People have almost forgotten who Braid and Vardon were, and I haven't seen the word "triumvirate" in print for nearly two years! Lawn-tennis has still its votaries, but it takes, chiefly, the form of ladies' doubles, and I saw a four the other day, all of whose hats bore the blue-and-white ribbon of the V.A.D.—Very Adorable Darlings they were, too!—so that it's mainly a case of outdoor exercise for war-workers. After all, as the men are all gone, they can't play mixed, can they?

No. For the present games have ceased to count. Nobody wants them or really enjoys them. Most people have *some* imagination, and the contrast's too keen. But, you men "out there," for whom I'm really writing this, don't you worry, or think that the love of games is dead, and that we've all decided that, in order to beat the Germans, we a bespectacled-and-science-professor-ridden-country become must! With no thought for the lighter side of life. Because we've not. It's only dormant. We can see—and so can you—what games have done for us, and for France, too; and when at last you come home, you'll find that there'll still be games for you to play. And never so pleasant as after the work you're doing now, so splendidly. So "Play Up!"—there's no need to tell *you* to "Play the Game!"

F. R. Burrow

SON-WORSHIP

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Who celebrated his Twenty-second birthday at the Front on Friday last, the 23rd inst.

Photographed in France—exclusive to "The Bystander"—by H. D. Girdwood.—Crown copyright.

"Somewhere in Flanders"

TAKING THE INSPECTOR ROUND

My Dear Bystander—

I think that high in the category of minor horrors of war should rank inspections and everything that appertain thereto. At the same time, if you have got to be inspected it is always to be hoped that the man who is going to do the job is at least a General, for the duration of an inspection increases or decreases in proportion to the exaltation of the rank of your inspector. What I mean is that in my sort of job, for a General to remain inspecting for more than five hustled minutes would be a decided breach of military etiquette; on the other hand, it is understood that a Colonel may strafe his harassed victim for the whole of an afternoon if he feels so inclined, while the limit of time allotted to a mere Major man is anything between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, according to the enthusiasm of the individual. The man who harries me every month came again last Monday.

⁂ ⁂

The local work disposed of I was called upon to show the Major the surrounding country for his information. Thinking to do a very clever thing I selected what I thought was a short cut. Ten minutes later I realised that I was completely lost; not the foggiest notion where I was. To admit it would be fatal. ("What, you mean to say you don't know the country round here. Good heavens, what's the good of you!") "What's the name of this village?" inquired the Major suddenly, as we flashed through a hamlet I had never seen before. "This village, why Hooger Capelle," I answered without a moment's hesitation. "Awfully quaint and picturesque, sir, isn't it? They tell me that an Austrian cannon ball of 1793 was found embedded in the wall of the old school-house." He looked at me a little suspiciously. "What's that place over there?" he asked again suddenly. "Oost Bollebrouck," I lied, looking him straight between the eyes. "I am informed they caught a spy signalling there last Thursday—quite a lad too!"

⁂ ⁂

We rounded a bend in the road, and came suddenly upon a large rambling house like a barn, and I saw an old man standing inside the gate.

"Stop!" I shouted to the driver. "Just a minute, sir," I mumbled hurriedly. "I know a splendid short cut, and I'm just going to make quite sure."

The old man seemed delighted to see me. "*Ah, vous voilà!*" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, shaking me warmly by the hand. "Now we'll just take a walk round the garden first, and then we'll do the whole house thoroughly."

⁂ ⁂

My first impression was that the old man had reached the very day of his second childhood, but it soon became evident from his conversation that there had been some British troops billeted recently on his estate, that they had just left, and that he was expecting an English officer to go round the place with him and assess the value of the wear and tear.

"*Vous vous trompez, Monsieur,*" I broke in hurriedly, "*Ce n'est pas moi! Voulez vous m'indiquer la route la plus directe à Blankville?*"

"*Oui, oui,*" he answered readily. "*A mon avis on peut estimer les dégâts totals entre* 350 *et* 400 *francs.*" The old man was as deaf as a brick. He laid a trembling hand on my shoulder, and before I could break away from him I found myself contemplating a pump in the courtyard, the handle of which lay dejectedly on the ground.

The old man gazed at it sorrowfully.

"Forty francs," he remarked firmly, almost fiercely, "not a *sou* less than forty francs."

⁂ ⁂

He broke suddenly into a eulogy of the drainage of his estate. Drains, I gathered, were his favourite hobby. He began to recount rapidly a most comprehensive scheme of drainage.

"*Maintenant je vous montrerai la citerne,*" he went on eagerly, "*C'est une citerne merveilleuse et* ——."

"*Bon,*" I broke out excitedly, a great hope surging in my bosom, "*je vais chercher toute de suite mon ami. Il est expert de citernes!*" And nodding reassuringly at the old man I sped away in the direction of the car. . . .

There are moments when I feel just a little worried about my promotion.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

NOT MUCH BETTER OFF

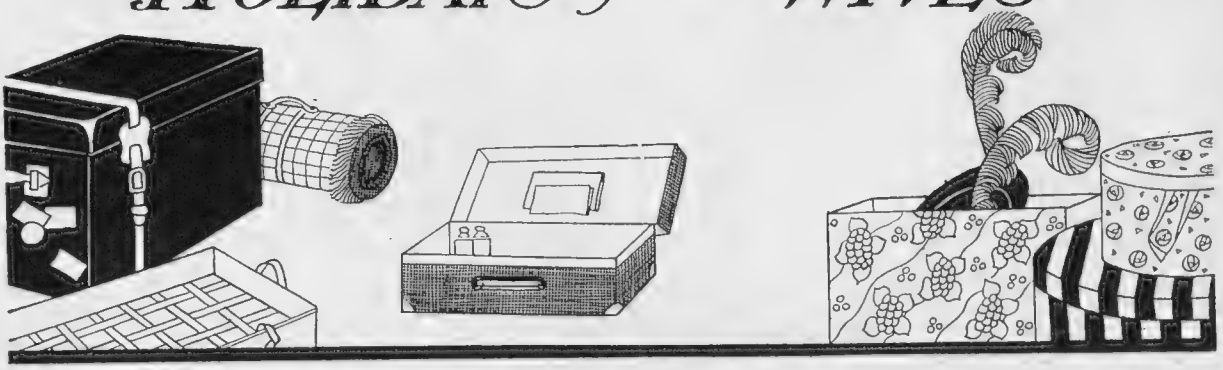
A Bairnsfather model wishes he could go to Egypt, where he could get a little warmth, away from the mud and slush of Flanders

When he gets there he is put in charge of an incinerator—and wishes he were back again in his cool dug-out, away from the heat, sand and flies!

Note From the Countryside

"Squire says he's never seen such nice little calves as Mary's"

HOLIDAYS for WIVES



BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

Something to Kill

EVERY man has his own taste in holidays. To some, a holiday means rest and quiet, to others it means nothing unless accompanied by some spice of adventure. In fact, most men of our own race are not really happy unless engaged in killing something. The folk-song which tells of the farmer's son who sallied forth to "see what he could kill," gives a fair example of the average Briton. Even if it is only the killing of time in a caravan or a boat there is the flavour of the unusual—as also in the pursuit of lady-killing at the seaside.

⁂ ⁂

The Comforts of Home

THE whole essence of a holiday is the change from everyday life. The more sedentary and monotonous a man's ordinary existence the more eager he is to take to the wilds when occasion offers. A few men prefer holiday-making in solitude or in the society of a sympathetic male companion. They enjoy the experience known as "roughing it" after the Borrovian fashion by land or as amateur yachtsmen or fishermen, or they explore such tame waste places of the earth as are within easy reach. But by far the greater number wish to preserve the comforts of a home whilst on holiday—in fact, to make the best of two worlds. These are the men to whom a house in the country, a cottage by the sea, or on the river, or even a caravan or house-boat, seems the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment. They do not seem to realise that what means a holiday for them is anything but a holiday for their wives. Such a thought never occurs to them.

When a Holiday is not a Holiday

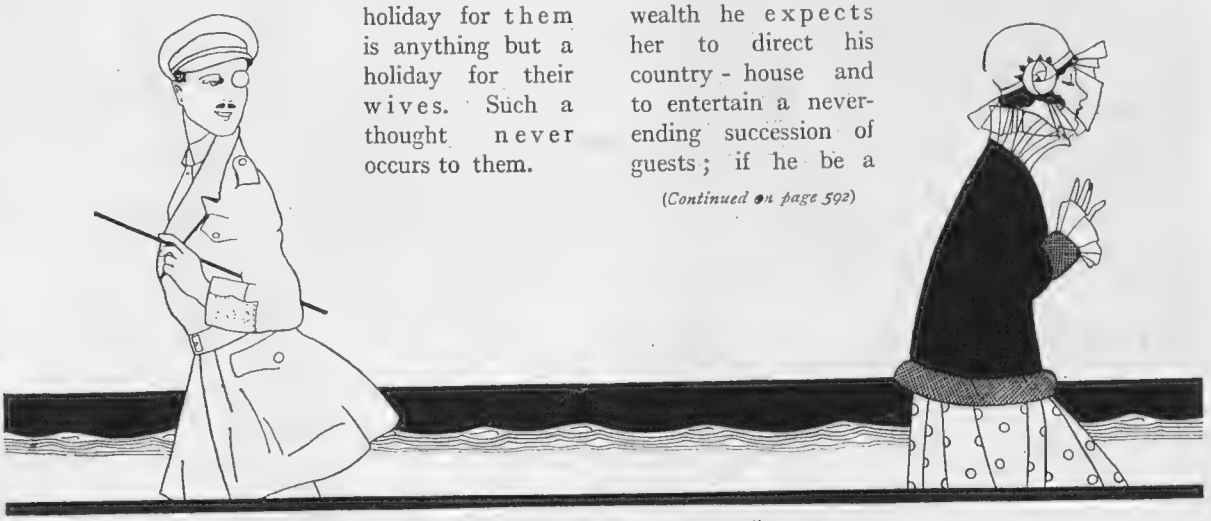
FOR a woman to whom housekeeping and the entertainment of her own and her husband's friends is the ordinary business of life the mere change from one house to another is not particularly exhilarating. There may be a change in daily routine, but in essence it remains the same. In some cases it even means more work—particularly when the head of the family has leanings towards indulgence in the Simple Life. He is only too apt to take comfortably for granted that what pleases him must necessarily please his wife also—that is, if he considers the question at all. The average man never dreams that a woman has any need of a holiday; he pictures her existence as a sort of leisured and frivolous idleness, anything but what it is: a round of tiresome, stultifying details or frequently, if the income be inadequate, real hard work. A woman with small means, a house to look after, and small children to rear, needs a holiday from business quite as much as does her husband.

⁂ ⁂

Male Unreasonableness

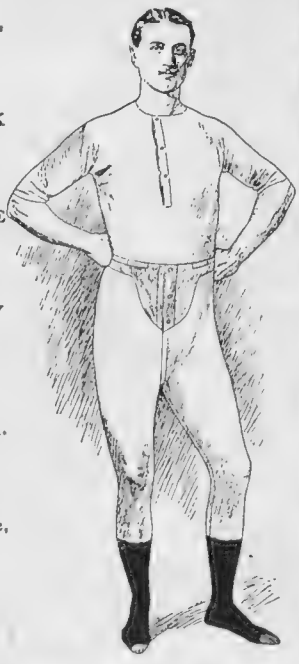
IT is both odd and unreasonable that men should expect their wives to continue year in, year out, the same monotonous round, and then complain of their lack of freshness, enthusiasm, and capacity for fellowship. But, then, man is not a reasonable animal. When, as I said before, the husband does consider the question of his wife's holiday, it is simply as the comfortable adjunct, not the complement, to his own. If he be a man of wealth he expects her to direct his country-house and to entertain a never-ending succession of guests; if he be a

(*Continued on page 592*)



"Lady-killing at the seaside"

OFFICERS' SERVICE UNDERWEAR



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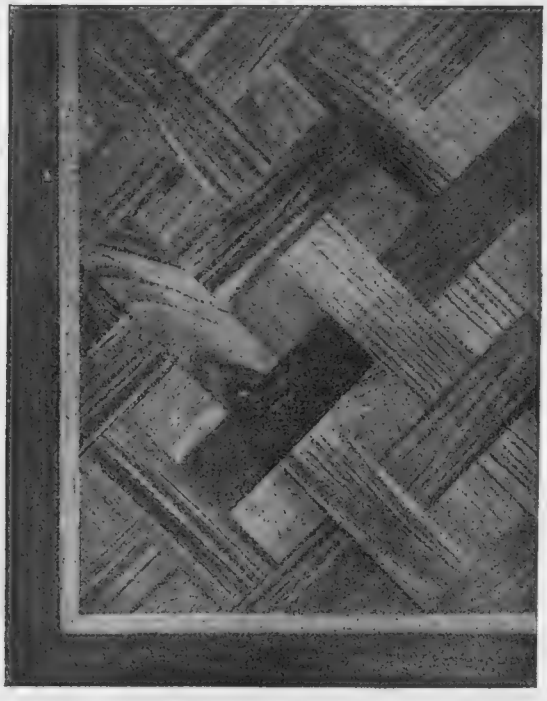

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EXAMPLES ON VIEW
AT
26, Berners Street, W.

HOLIDAYS FOR WIVES (concluded from page 590)

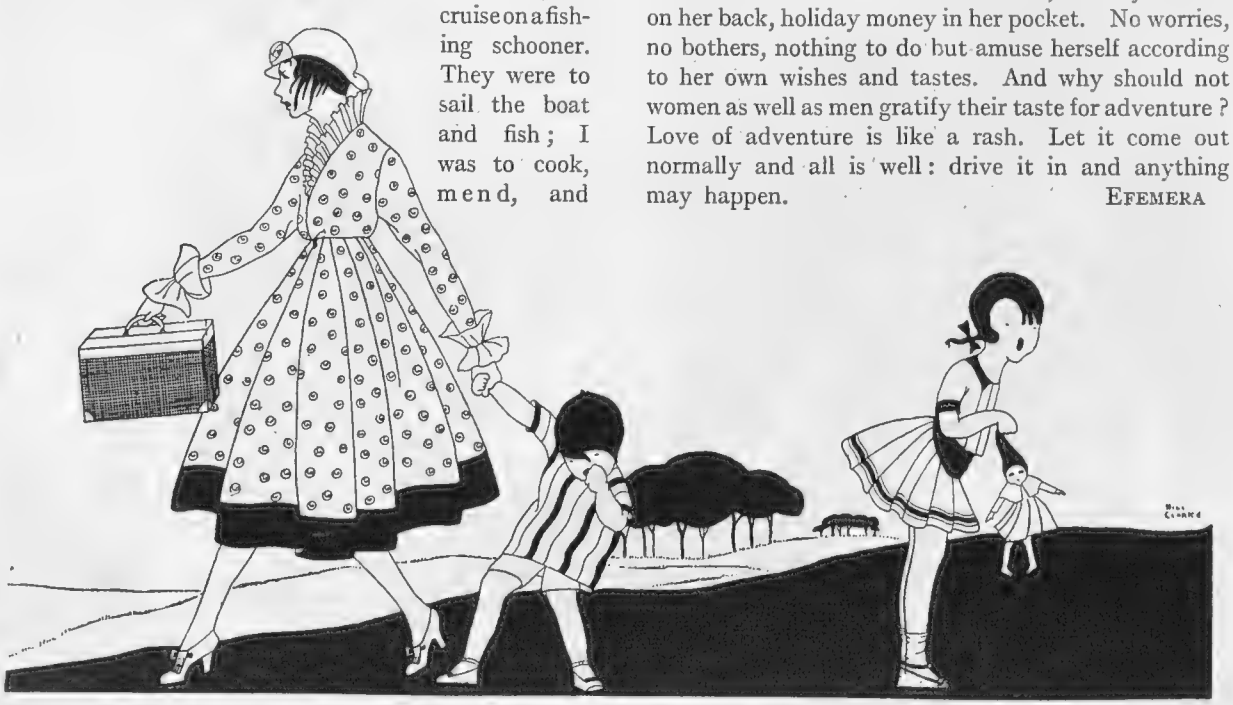
workman and generously permits her to accompany him into the country for the day (when he does not spend it with mates of his own sex), you see her, already fagged by the preparations involved, surrounded by the children who cannot be left at home, and not infrequently burdened with the lunch-basket as well. The procession may start out cheerfully enough, but what of the return, with tired, cross children tugging at their mother's skirts, and a hungry husband eagerly expecting his supper.

"Why should not women as well as men gratify their taste for adventure?"

❀ ❀

A Man's Idea of Enjoyment

A MAN'S idea of what constitutes a holiday for his womankind is so bland sometimes as to be ludicrous. I remember an invitation I once received to accompany the men of my family for a fortnight's cruise on a fishing schooner. They were to sail the boat and fish; I was to cook, mend, and bedmake besides lending a hand at the tiller when I had nothing else to do. Cooking for four hungry men in a cubby-hole three feet square would, they thought, be mere child's-play and the greatest fun in the world. . . . That is a man's conception of a holiday, all over. Another charming vision not infrequently known to haunt a man's mind is of himself, reclining gracefully in the grass with a pipe by the side of a caravan, while his wife gets the dinner or washes dishes in the babbling brook. Could anything be more idyllic? All play and no work for him; as for her, if she can't find her play in that sort of work, she must be difficult to please. In fact, she ought to be jolly thankful not to be left at home while he went off somewhere by himself.



"What of the return—tired cross children"

❀ ❀

Sauce for the Goose

WE all know the man who periodically feels the need of a holiday from his wife and the domestic atmosphere generally, and quite right too. Uninterrupted enjoyment (?) of each other's society is not a good thing for any couple, however loving, if any freshness of relationship is to be preserved. Only why does practically no man realise that his wife's need of a holiday away from home and from him is equal to his own? What is sauce for the gander in this case should be sauce for the goose as well. Why, when his own outing is finished, should not a man take his turn at staying at home and looking after the children while his wife takes her holiday? Of course, in favourable circumstances they could go at the same time, but when this is not possible turn and turn about is surely fair play. Picture the delight of madame as she shuts the house-door behind her, holiday clothes on her back, holiday money in her pocket. No worries, no bothers, nothing to do but amuse herself according to her own wishes and tastes. And why should not women as well as men gratify their taste for adventure? Love of adventure is like a rash. Let it come out normally and all is well: drive it in and anything may happen.

EFEMERA

NAPIER

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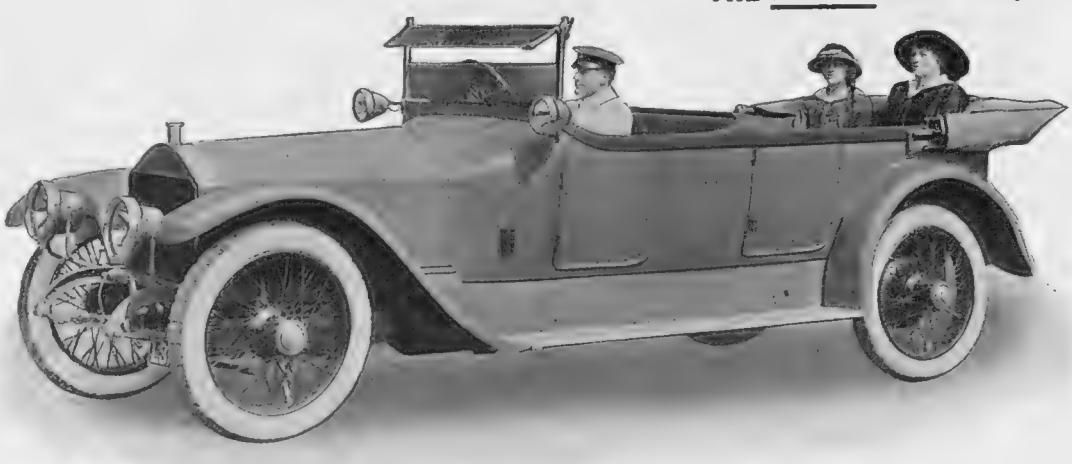

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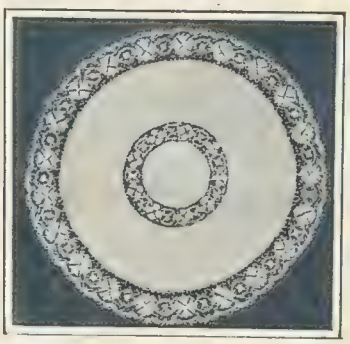

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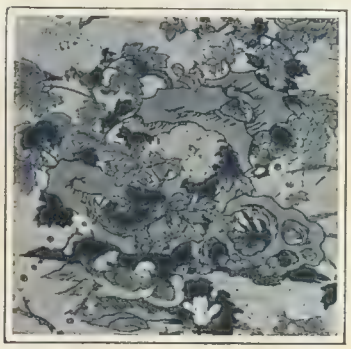

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THE THEFT

By C. STARR JOHNS

MAX VON WOLLENBERG dismissed his motor at a corner and walked rapidly along the Herthestrasse. Many men, who knew him by sight, saluted him respectfully, but he barely acknowledged their salutations, indeed, he hardly appeared to notice them. A small house stood a little way back from its neighbours. Here he paused, and rang the bell vigorously.

"Is your mistress in?"

"Yes, mein Herr."

"Very well, I'll go up, you need not announce me."

He ran up a flight of stairs, and entered a room without ceremony, the only occupant of which sprang to her feet with a little cry of pleasure.

"Max, I didn't expect you to-day."

He closed the door behind him, then walked forward and took the splendid looking woman in his arms.

"I have it," he almost whispered, and then continued rapidly: "I've come to you for help, as there is no time to waste. To-morrow may be too late."

"No!"

"I say, yes. That cursed Archduke is coming up from Vienna to-morrow or the day after, and the Emperor may well wish to show him what that casket contains, it only out of vanity and pride in his belongings."

The woman clutched his arm nervously.

"But, Max, is it possible? Are you sure you can do it without risk of discovery?"

"No, I'm not sure, but it's worth trying. It will go ill with anyone who tries to prevent it. But quick, *Liebchen*, my old disguise, just the beard and the hump, and give me that bag I left here two days ago."

Some twenty minutes later he left the building, and no one would have recognised in the slightly deformed man with the pointed brown beard the dapper individual who had entered so short a time before.

It was almost dark now, and he walked swiftly towards the Charlottenberg road, finally coming to a standstill before a large house, in front of which a soldier paraded fully armed. After a moment's hesitation he strolled up to him and said quietly:

"I have a message for General Faechten."

"Then you can't deliver it. No one is allowed in here—you are not the first that has tried to-day."

Wollenberg's hand clenched, and he hissed out:

"Fool, blockhead, I'm here straight from the Wilhelmstrasse."

The soldier stiffened.

"The password, mein Herr," he said.

"Wilhelm."

There was no more opposition, and he passed into the house.

It was evident that he knew his way about, for, gliding softly along a corridor, he slipped quietly into a small room, in which there was no light, and hid himself behind a great curtain. From that point of vantage he heard the guard being changed, and he knew it meant that the sentry, sitting in the adjoining room, would not be relieved for two hours, and in those two hours he had much to do. He stepped from his hiding-place into the corridor. He heard the sound that he had been expecting: the rattle and tinkling of glass against a bottle. He gave one look along the corridor, and saw the approaching figure of an old woman bearing a tray upon which was food and drink for the man on guard. The woman could not see him, as he was sheltered behind a life-sized marble group, representing Laocoön and his sons fighting the monster from the sea. When the woman was some five paces from this group he put up his hand and switched off the electric light. He heard her give an exclamation of surprise, grope her way to the great wooden base of the statue, behind which he was hidden, place the tray she carried on it, and return along the corridor. As soon as she was out of hearing Wollenberg took out a small phial from his pocket and emptied its contents into the great tankard of beer upon the tray—then he slipped back again into the room, from which he had come. The old woman returned, carrying a candle, and he heard an exclamation of pleasure when, examining the switch, she found that it had but slipped, and once again the corridor was flooded with light. He heard her resume her burden, the gruff thanks of the sentry, and her retreating footsteps passing the door. Wollenberg ventured out from his hiding-place, waited five minutes, and then entered the room where the soldier was on guard. As he had expected he found the man's lifeless body hanging over the side of the chair on which he had been seated.

Barely looking in the direction of the dead man, Wollenberg strolled across the room and threw open a door leading into still another apartment: a small, square room, with nothing in it save one great safe. He knelt and began to twist the handle this way and that—a click told him when the first part of the combination was found, but there were five more to be done, and he must hurry. While engaged upon the fifth he heard a noise in the adjoining room, and glanced through the slightly opened door. The old woman had returned to remove the tray. He saw her stare at the soldier with blinking watery eyes, and then move to his side and bend over him. In an instant he was across the room and, as the old woman's mouth was opened to scream her dismay, Wollenberg's fingers closed round her throat, and he choked the half-uttered cry. The poor old wretch in his grasp fought feebly, but with devilish strength Wollenberg's fingers did not relinquish their prey until the victim's head fell limp and ghastly on to her shoulder. He let her fall by the side of the dead soldier, and without a qualm resumed his work on the safe. He glanced at his watch hurriedly as he swung the heavy door open. There before him lay the golden casket which he had come to steal. It was not more than a foot long and six inches broad, but it was beautifully worked, of tremendous antiquity, and heavily studded with precious stones. Wollenberg picked it up. For an

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(Continued on page 598)

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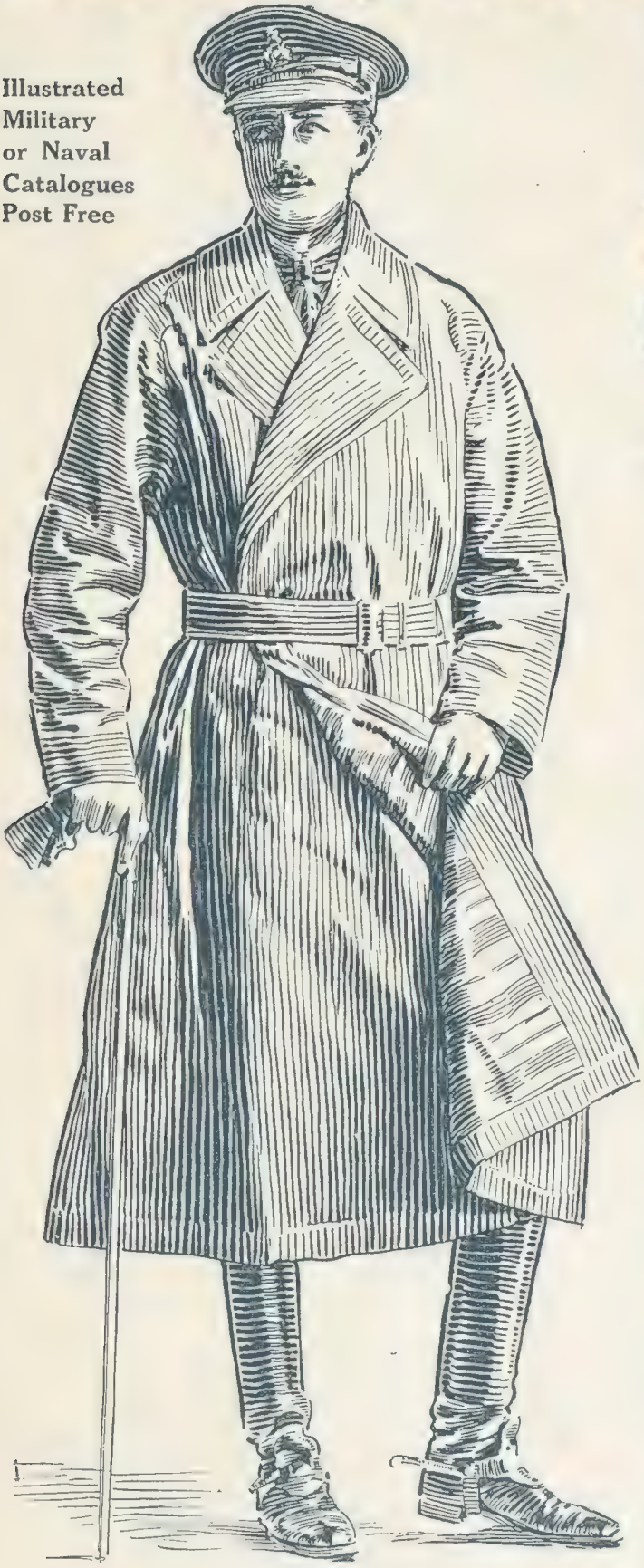

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 596)

instant he was tempted to burst it open there and then, and empty it of its contents, leaving the glittering shell, but on second thoughts he placed it, as it was, into his bag, and stood up. His eyes gleamed exultantly, as he pushed the door to; but only part of his work was done. He had to escape with his booty, booty for which the Emperor would give all he possessed to ransom. Without meeting anyone, he made his way to the door leading into the street, and it was here that his greatest difficulty lay. How could he pass that sentry, unobserved? But pass him he must, even if he had to stab the man. He drew from his hip-pocket a small but deadly stiletto, and waited in the shadow until the sentry's back was turned; then, like a cat, he walked into the street. The sentry, turning at the same time, saw him and thrust a bayoneted rifle in front of him.

"Halt! no one leaves after nightfall without written permission."

Wollenberg sprang and drove the dagger right through the man's throat.

"That's the pen I write with," he snarled, and ran furiously. . . . He knew that he was being pursued by an ever-growing host, who would avenge those people he had murdered. He heard their cries and the sound of their feet as they followed him, followed him, although he darted down first one alley, then another, doubling this way and that, using all his knowledge gained as a student of the by-ways of the city. Presently, breathless and panting, he stopped for an instant to listen. There was no sound of pursuit. He must have shaken them off. He did not see a young fellow, who had followed him noiselessly, and was now watching him with the intent gaze of a cat. Having rested for some minutes he resumed his way, and, although he hastened, he did not run, for running was dangerous in this part of the city, where every doorway might hold a lurking enemy; for he had left the more reputable parts behind him, and was now amid the haunts of every conceivable infamy. For some ten minutes he made his way through these foul-smelling alleys, until he came to the one in which he proposed to take refuge. It was a *cul-de-sac*, and at the corner he bent and felt with his hand along the flag stones: one, two, three, and on the fourth he stamped twice with his heel, and then stood aside and waited. His anxiety was terrible, for suppose his mistress had not been able to make her way to this spot, which had been known to them both in their student days! Supposing something had prevented her leaving her house in the Herthestrasse, and he should be unable to find a place in which to hide with his precious burden. What then? He groaned a little and gnawed at his fingers, then gave a sigh of relief, for there came the sound of bolts beneath his feet being withdrawn, and a moment later the flagstone was lifted up and a woman's voice called softly:

"Max, Max!"

"I am here, get back and I will follow."

He let himself down through the hole which the raised flagstone had disclosed, and himself replaced it in position and secured it. With an exultant chuckle he followed the woman into a cellar-like apartment, in which various pieces of furniture had been placed. He put his bag on the table.

"You have it, Max?" said the woman.

(Continued on page 600)

Taking Cover

"Rilette's" Paintings to the Commission of H. Dennis Bradley visualize the lighter side of a drab war

Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page* 598)

He nodded, and then, as she approached her hand to the bag, he thrust her aside.

"Keep back," he said harshly.

The woman placed an arm round his neck and laughed into his eyes.

"It is all yours and mine, Max. My clever Max!"

"Yes, all yours and mine, *Liebchen*, but I have had a terrible job to get here, being chased half across Berlin by a crowd of fools."

The woman laughed.

"And they would have chased much harder had they known that it was Max von Wollenberg, Minister of the Interior, that they pursued."

"Hush! You never know who can hear in a place like this. Get me wine, *Liebchen*, and then we will examine."

The woman opened a basket and drew out a bottle of champagne and glasses, and they toasted each other thirstily.

Presently Wollenberg drew out the casket from his bag, and placed it on the table, while they both, with arms round each other, gloated over it.

"Open it, Max, oh! open it!"

"Wait. What is that?"

Dimly they could hear the sound of feet in the street so near them—the regular tramp of soldiers. With dilated eyes they listened, hardly daring to breathe. There came to their ears the rattle of arms being grounded, and a moment later a heavy knocking on the door of the house above them.

"Max, Max, my God! Could they have followed you?"

"No, impossible. But do you go, *Liebchen*, and see that all the doors are locked and that the trap-door particularly is fastened tight."

The woman flew out of the room, and the moment she had gone Wollenberg strode over and locked the door through which she had fled. He seized the table, dragged it over, jamming it against the door, and all the furniture that he could move he heaped against it, to prevent it being opened. Then he crept softly to the flagstone through which he had entered, but the rumble of voices above convinced him that all hope of escape that way was cut off. He re-entered the room. His face had gone livid, and he glared round as though hoping to find someone on whom to wreck his rage and grief at being trapped in this foul lair. He, Max von Wollenberg, Minister of the Interior, the Emperor's favourite, to be trapped, doomed to the most ignominious death, with the curses of the nation on his head and all the wrath of his Imperial master driving him into the earth. He heard outside the woman's voice pleading to be let in, a wild burst of hysterical laughter as the sound of doors being broken by the soldiers grew louder—incoherent babbling despair, as the trap-door above her was forced, and they descended. And then the shattering crash of a rifle butt against the door of the room in which he was——.

Another crash, the panel was splintered, and he saw a bearded face leering in at him. He seized the casket, held it up, shook it, and placed it on the ground, still keeping his eyes fixed on the staring face through the broken panel. He burst the casket open.

"You shall never retake it, never, never!" he yelled, and the next moment was gulping down great mouthfuls of the pound of fresh butter he had stolen.

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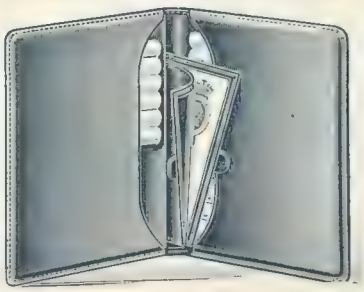

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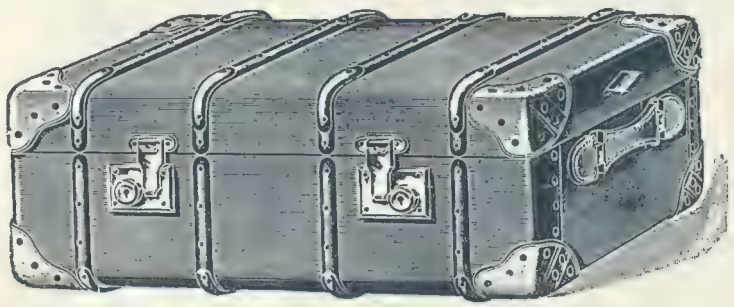

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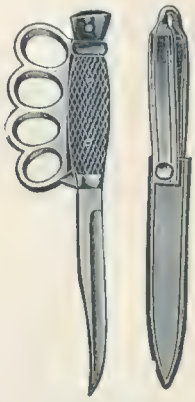

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Razzle-Dazzle!" at Drury Lane

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS really tremendous production is something more than a Revue, as the term is understood among us to-day. It reminds one rather of the Mammoth Moral Aggregations of Stupendous Marvels shown by the late Phineas T. Barnum. A note of bigness is sounded all through the production, and the staging of Mr. William J. Wilson, under the difficult circumstances, is quite wonderful. The Revue itself is the work of Mr. Albert de Courville, Mr. Wal Pink, and Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, with music by Mr. Herman Darewski and Mr. Manuel Klein, all of them giants in their respective ways, and, therefore, very properly associated in this gigantic enterprise.

EVEN the curtain seems to rise with a sort of a smile of triumph on the opening scene (The Beauty Chorus Club) and to hang over the edge of the proscenium as if to listen to the gasps of surprise that follow the revelation. The Club is at supper. Long tables stretch from end to end of the great stage, and more tables rise in tiers above them; and here are seated hundreds and hundreds of lovely girls dressed with taste and richness, and hang the expense! And then there arrive on the stage still more girls carrying various kinds of rich and expensive food—Lobster Girls, Pheasant Girls, and Champagne Girls, thus, as it were, heaping Pelion on Ossa in this gorgeous galaxy of grace and charm. I feel sure that even Solomon in all his glory would have been staggered by the colossal magnitude of this fascinating heap of femininity.

THE most tremendously impressive scene in the Revue is, perhaps, that entitled "Scotland For Ever!" which, Ladies and Gentlemen, concludes the first half of the entertainment. The scene opens in a quiet and most unobtrusive manner. It is a purple and green corner among the Hie'lan' hills, inhabited apparently only by a solitary old shepherd and his collie. The shepherd strolls slowly and silently across the scene into space, and then the rush begins. With a fine stirring yell and the clatter of weapons, representatives of the great Scottish clans come sweeping down the hill in battle array. On they come, McLeod, Menzies, Douglas, Royal Stewart, and the rest, with their half-hysterical war-cries, brandishing their swords and rattling their shields in the traditional lust for combat. There is a realism in the picture that recalls that fine old tawny Scots Chieftain who, as he set out on the warpath, is said to have cried to the ravening vultures in the air above, "Come with us and we will give you meat!" For a moment the assembly of splendid tartans is crowded on the stage in a kaleidoscopic mass; then to the plaintive skirling of the pipes, order is born of chaos, and the clans sort themselves out, and go through a series of marching evolutions with fine, sturdy strides that would do credit to a modern drill-ground. The enthusiasm in the house, not unmingled in many quarters with obvious emotion, was tremendous and unforgettable. Weird Scottish catcalls, punctuated with "Hoch, aye! Hoch aye!" were freely shouted, and even screamed, at this wonderful representation of a great page of history. And when as a final manœuvre the massed clans flung out their war-cries once again and dashed up the hill to hurl themselves upon an imaginary foe, the cheering and applause were deafening. I am not myself Scottish, except in so far as I am very careful about my small change; but I found the scene from first to last exhilarating to a degree.

SANDWICHED in between these Colossal Aggregations of Gorgeous Girls are a number of scenes produced on a smaller canvas. There is, for instance, the scene in a business office where an author calls by appointment to read his play to a theatrical manager. The manager is one who is everlastingly engaged in the futile job of trying to do two things at once; and the author naturally feels the difficulty of reading his dramatic masterpiece with proper effect while his "audience" is arguing down the telephone about a trivial question of horse-fodder and who's going to pay for that damaged nosebag! And just as the author's plot is getting along quite nicely a stolid and grimy person staggers in with a sack of coals on his shoulder. It appears that the back door is locked, and the coals must, therefore, be brought through the office. And while the author is serving up the tender and delicate part of his touching story you hear the coals being shot noisily

(Continued on page 604)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page 603*)

into the adjacent cellar while the manager impatiently hangs up the telephone transmitter as he simply can't hear himself speak. The scene is quite good fun with Mr. Shaun Glenville as the Manager and Mr. Frederick Ross as the unhappy author.

⁂

ANOTHER amusing scene is that which deals with a man who suffers from the drawback of being always obliged to tell the truth—a most unhandy complaint to have. The man is in the book trade, but when he calls to sell his wares he feels it his duty to explain that while he is compelled to ask six shillings for an encyclopædia it really isn't worth sixpence. The book vendor meets his reward by being engaged as a servant in the house. Here he continues his truthful ways until he is tempted by a lovely woman to break the pious record of a lifetime, even as Adam yielded to the overtures of Eve—and we should never have forgiven Adam if he had not done so! In these admirably written little pictures of life one seems to detect the hand of Mr. Macdonald Hastings. Both in ideas and expression they are quite above the level of ordinary revue work.

THERE are in all seventeen scenes in this Mammoth and Stupendous Show. They include farcical sketches, imposing processions, and an occasional dancing scene of dreamy beauty and charm, interpreted by the graceful Miss Phyllis Bedells. There is also a stirring naval panorama with moving Dreadnoughts in it; and there is the fascinating Miss Shirley Kellogg, who is the moving spirit of the fun from first to last. Finally, there is the Skating Scene on real ice, some marvellous evolutions being performed by very able experts. At the first performance this scene came on about midnight, and I had an idea I would have liked a little of that real ice myself if only to put on my head. One crowded hour of glorious life may be all very well, but several crowded hours of tremendous novelty and massive magnificence leave one a little dazed at the finish. *Razzle-Dazzle!* is a wonderful show and will undoubtedly draw the town. It seems almost destined to be a part of the history of our time.

JINGLE

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A Carnival of Colour at Drury Lane

Dramatic critics have gone bankrupt in their adjectives in the vain effort to describe "Razzle-Dazzle!" the new Revue produced by Mr. de Courville at Drury Lane last week

Matters Musical

WAGNER OR WAGNERIANS?

Musical critics, like people in Government offices, have, or should have, two natures—one official, one personal. Thus it is not only possible but desirable on occasions for the musical critic to approve something for which he, personally, has no great liking. That, so it seems to me, should be the whole difference between him and the ordinary decently educated amateur. The amateur is entitled, music consisting essentially of an appeal to the emotions, to judge emotionally and in no other manner; the critic can afford himself no such luxury. He must take into account other people's emotions as well as his own, he must even at times convince himself as an official that he as a person is biassed and unreasonable. In a word, he must constantly be correcting his emotional by his intellectual judgments.

The principal objection to the preceding paragraph is that such a critic probably does not exist. But it is a good thing to remember at times that this is a pity. Especially on occasions when something is done in the musical world that tends to arouse all the worst passions—and they are terrible!—of musical *dilettanti*. Such a one occurred the other day when Sir Thomas Beecham produced *Tristan* with the Wagnerian tradition left out. Now there is, or was, nothing in the world quite so fanatical as your out-and-out Wagnerian. He insisted not only on the spirit and the letter of the Wagnerian gospel, but on all the glosses of the orthodox commentators as well. Because Richter once took a passage at such and such a pace, or Frau Wagner once repeated what Wagner once said about such and such a thing, or a Bayreuth Wotan once banged the stage with his spear in a peculiar manner at such and such a place, these things must continue so to be for ever and ever, amen. True, this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Wagnerian attitude, but the Wagnerian himself is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the musician—so serve him right!

But every generation must interpret its art anew for itself. So when Sir Thomas abolishes "heroic" scenery and other fortuitous details in the performance of one of Wagner's operas, he is completely justified to the critic—provided only he does it well, and provided he does it because he feels he really wants to, not because he hopes other people will talk about his daring in so doing. After all, we are admittedly in a period of reaction against romantic heroism, and if the Wagnerians had their way Wagner would soon be nothing but a mummy to the present generation. And we prefer our Wagner alive, whatever the colour of his tie and the pattern on his socks. Besides, think of the fun some future generation will have in re-discovering Wagner's original clothes all for themselves. We *know*; we are now doing precisely the same thing for Mozart.

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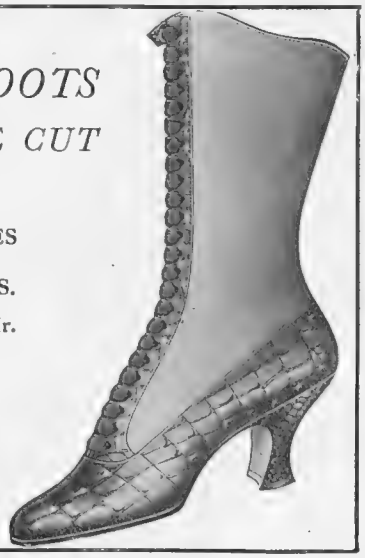

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Books of the Week

TRAVELS AND—TRUTH

The Balkans Again

As the war proceeds on its way interest in the Balkans slowly increases. The old mistakes and misconceptions are in process of being corrected. It is difficult, perhaps, to remember that not so long ago we thought much of King Fox and knew very little indeed to Serbia's credit. But the war has brought into their proper perspective many factors in the eternal Balkan question. In another few months we should know exactly where we are. But even those who happen to understand some of the intricate problems of Balkan politics may be more or less ignorant of the countries themselves. It is quite possible that there was a Cook's Balkan tour in the old days of peace, but in the main it rests with the cheery folk who can travel to these out-of-the-way places and describe what they see, to "set the Balkan world before our eyes."

MRS. WILL GORDON

The author of "A Woman in the Balkans," a book full of vivid pen-pictures and personal impressions of that uncomfortable corner of Europe

A Woman's Travels

Quite recently Mr. and Mrs. Ian Gordon were in the Balkans (for as long a time as the Huns would allow them), and told us of their exciting experiences in *The Luck of Thirteen.* Now in *A Woman in the Balkans* (Hutchinson: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) Mrs. Will Gordon publishes a rather different but no less interesting work on these south-eastern States. Mrs. Gordon's travels took place before the war, but her book has been written since its outbreak, and, consequently, the war itself makes its presence felt on almost every page.

People and Places

Mrs. Gordon was lucky enough to meet a multitude of Balkan celebrities, and gives us vivid pen-pictures of them. There is a delightful account of her visits to the late Carmen Sylva, and an interpretation of the character of Také Jonescu, who may still play chief part in Roumania's destiny. Moreover, an additional value is given to her book by the inclusion of concise historical sketches of the various States, sketches which are just long enough to enable you to understand in part how things have turned out as they are to-day.

(Continued on page 612)

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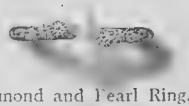
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112, Regent Street London, W.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (*concluded from page* 610)

A Woman in the Balkans is, in a word, just the sort of book for the numerous Englishmen who even to-day find themselves in a state of bewilderment at the various startling events which are for ever taking place in this uncomfortable corner of Europe. In addition the book is richly illustrated by photographs, and may be heartily recommended.

Introspection

Just before the war you heard much of the rather unhealthy introspection of the modern young man, and, indeed, the new school of novelists seems prone to delve as deep as it can into the changing states of its own emotions. This can be interesting enough, but it does not always make for the good "story" for which the great public naturally looks. It is not often the case, however, with British writers that such a detailed study in introspection is published as may be found in the first part of *Confessions of Two Brothers* (The Manas Press, Rochester, N.Y.: $1.50 net). In this case the writer is Mr. John Cowper Powys, an Englishman who enjoys a big reputation as a lecturer in the States.

A Remarkable Character

His confessions are extraordinarily minute. They cover ground which, even in books of this kind, is often allowed to lie fallow. Mr. Powys has set himself the task of putting down on to paper the literal truth about himself—a task which is not nearly so easy as it sounds. His is an uncommon personality, so uncommon perhaps in certain ways as to be difficult to understand, but this only adds to the originality of the book. You may not admire all his confessions, but you cannot fail to be interested in them. Mr. Llewellyn Powys treads a more objective path, and some readers may prefer his chapters to those which precede them. In any case the combined *Confessions* make up a book which should certainly be published on this side of the Atlantic. It is a little curious, by the way, that Mr. J. C. Powys should appear as one of the characters in another Englishman's novel published almost at the same time in New York. This is Mr. Louis Wilkinson's *The Buffoon* (Knopf, N.Y.: $1.50), a fine piece of work which, it is to be hoped, will also in due course appear in this country.

A Study of a Failure

Mr. Eric Leadbitter's second novel, *The Road to Nowhere* (Allen and Unwin: 6*s*.), has for its hero one Joe Peeping, the ambitious son of a grocer. Unlike his brother, Joe wishes to rise in the world, and does so—at a cost. His marriage is unhappy, as is also his one romance, and he is always conscious of his inability to become a gentleman. All his energies lead finally to nothing at all. The earlier scenes ring far truer than those, for instance, in Colonel Redpath's house, where Joe is falsely accused of forgery. It would seem, in fact, that in his endeavour to fasten a story on to his rather dull hero, Mr. Leadbitter has strained his imagination. The good writing, however, of his first novel, *Rain Before Seven*, likewise adorns its successor.

R. S.

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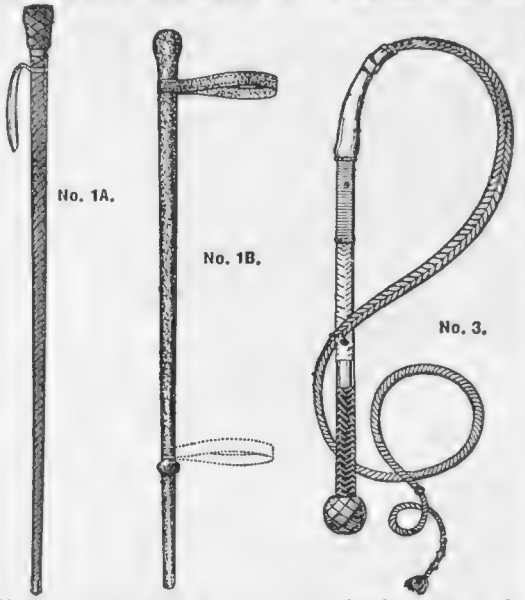

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Doctors all over the Kingdom are prescribing the use of these "Crystals" in all complaints arising from an Uric Acid Origin—and in these days the economy of the method should by no means be overlooked.

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¶ IF it's a car you'll be wanting in 1917, remember the Arrol-Johnston.

THE coming model will be moderate in price and of a quality and engine-efficiency that will open a new era in British motor manufacture.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD.
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Motoring: By Land, Sea and Sky

THE CONQUEROR

The A.C. referred to in last issue as the conqueror of a Hard Knott and Wrynose. Here you see 'em adoing of it

Second Thoughts

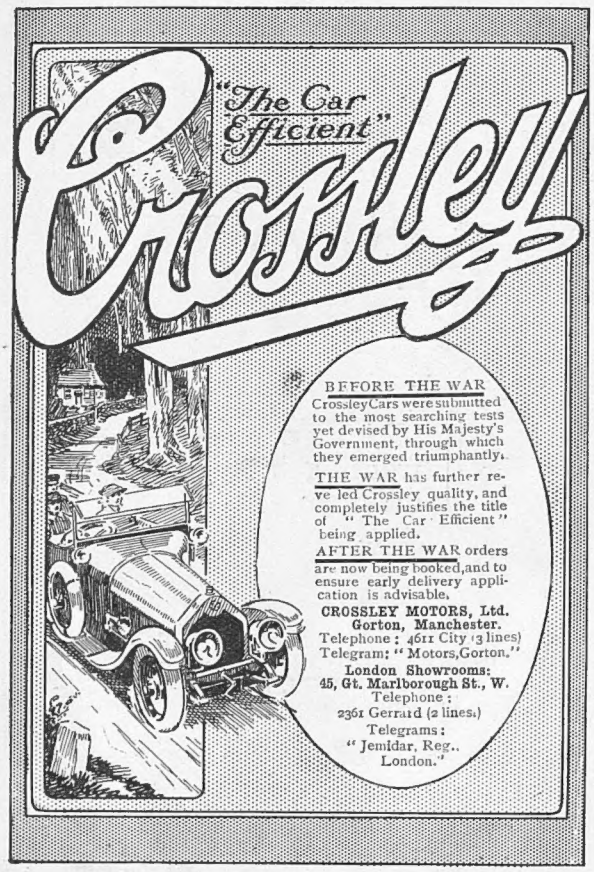
THE Chancellor has decided that his second thoughts (induced by certain weighty outside representations) upon the subject of new taxation for motor-cars are best. And undoubtedly they are. A petrol tax has its disadvantages; but if petrol is the essence of the present situation, as, indeed, it is, then the tax, if it must be imposed, should properly be upon the quantity of petrol consumed. That is a far more equitable arrangement than the first method of taxation by nominal horse-power, and immediately disposes of most of the outcry justly raised on the ground of the unfair incidence. It will put the price of petrol up beyond 3*s.* per gallon, so that there cannot be a horrible lot of pleasure motoring except among the Crœsus class, who alone will be able to afford it. This consideration may raise the ire of Demos and Company; but they can draw some little comfort from the reflection that at twelve or fifteen miles to the gallon the motoring Crœsi will be pouring quite a steady stream of wealth back into the coffers of the State. If only the State could devise a means whereby in addition to regulating demand (by the petrol permit) it could also regulate supply, and prices, we should have quite a moderately contented motoring community. If a commodity is of such vital importance to the State that it has to regulate the traffic in it, then it ought to go the entire animal and appropriate supplies and the sources thereof. I will reserve further comments for later issues, meanwhile taking a little flattering unction (which I am at liberty, I hope, to consume on or off the premises) to what I am pleased to call my soul, in that the Chancellor has again agreed with me, turned down his earlier advisers, and flouted, as it deserved to be flouted, the precious R.A.C. formulæ, upon which all motoring taxation has hitherto been based.

* * *

Mess and Muddle

A WEEK or two ago I hinted at the existence of certain injustices perpetrated by buffle-headed fellows clothed in Authority by the Act that barred the importation of private motor vehicles after March 21. The case of the French Peugeot was one I had in mind. As I had no liberty to publish the facts I could not make specific references. The manager of the British house of Peugeot has, however, now published his experiences; and a pretty example of official muddle, evasion, equivocation, and extortion they make. Cars the *bona fides* of which were beyond dispute, and which were entitled to admission, were barred by the Customs because they had no authority from the Imports Restriction Committee. The latter refused to issue any authority because, the *bona fides* being beyond dispute, there was no need for any permit, without which, however, the

(Continued on page 616)



"Kindly mention "Bystander."

Dunlop: Given up motoring? Just for the time being, eh?

Clubman: Yes! Couldn't fight myself, you know, so gave the car to the Red Cross people. Don't suppose she'll be much good by the time they've finished with her!

Dunlop: I'm afraid that's very true. What are you doing about another car?

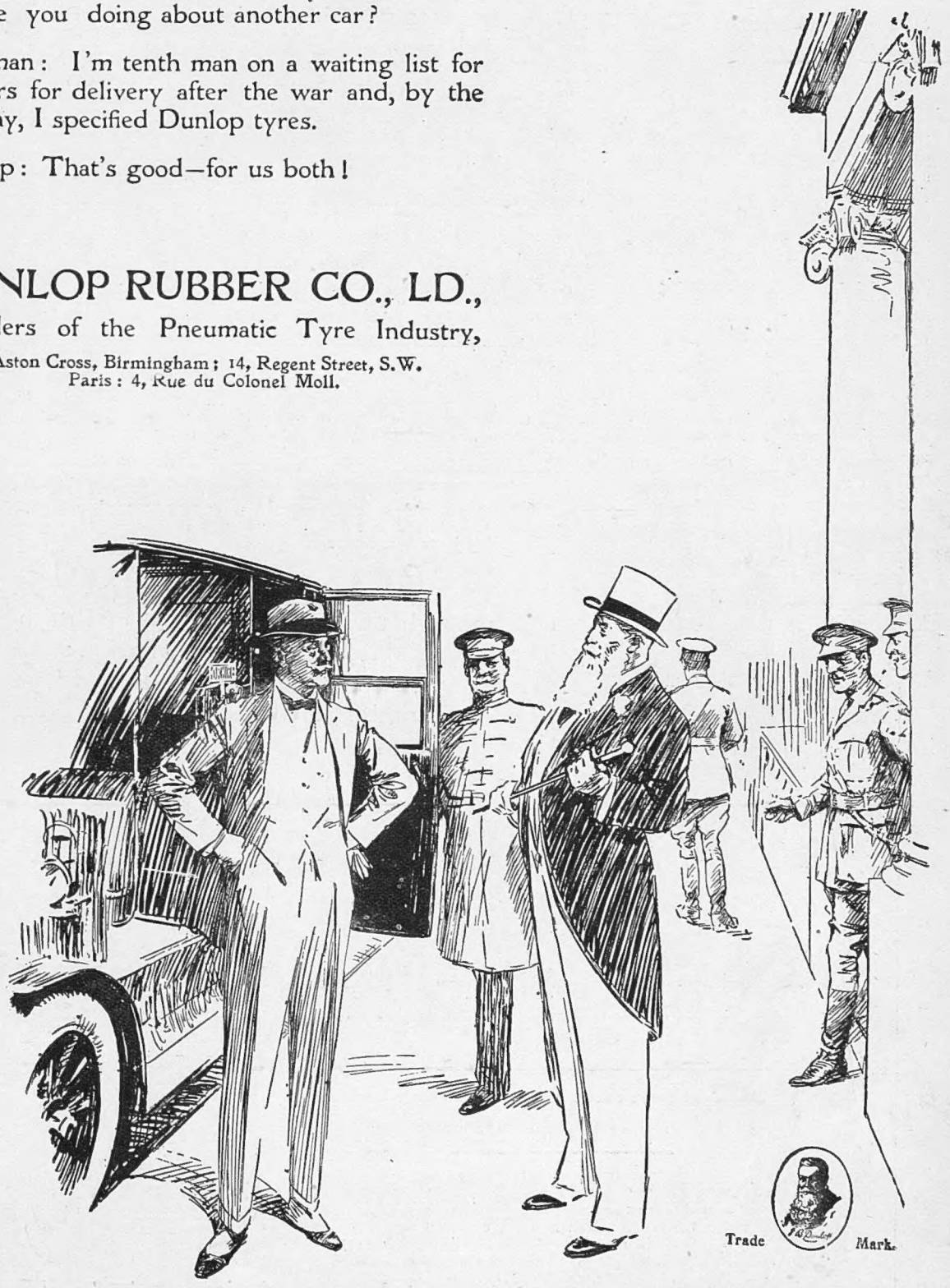
Clubman: I'm tenth man on a waiting list for cars for delivery after the war and, by the way, I specified Dunlop tyres.

Dunlop: That's good—for us both!

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



Trade Mark.

MOTORING (concluded from page 614)

Customs would not move. And while these two impossibilists were refusing to release, the Port of London Authority was charging demurrage at the rate of £1 per car per day. It cost the Peugeot Company £316 before release could be obtained, an amount which the Port of London now refuses to refund, although there is no suggestion of any attempt at "car-running" by the company. And when the release *did* come, it came through the shippers who had produced no documents at all, all the evidence of *bona fides* being produced by, and all the correspondence having been with, the Peugeot people direct!

***

Winning the War!

BUT there are worse cases even than this of the Peugeot. I know one in which certain Continental cars specially ordered by the War Office for war purposes were held up by the Customs, who refused to recognise the specific instruction of the War Office to release them, refused to accept a cheque for the full value of the cars as a guarantee of *bona fides*, would not do anything at all except refuse to do anything. You would think that even the thickest-headed official would appreciate the importance and special nature of a consignment of goods certified as urgently needed for war purposes by the War Office; but you would be wrong. The Customs had its general orders, and the interests of the State, the success of the war, or anything else could go to blazes.

Lights

FROM June 1 the police commenced to operate against owners of vehicles unprovided with proper lamps fore and aft. The Commissioner has satisfied himself that there are plenty of such lamps available, and an excuse on the contrary ground will not be allowed to lie. Therefore, be prepared. Two white in front, one red in rear.

SIR ARTHUR DU CROS, BART. J.P., M.P.

The head and front of Dunlops, who attained to well-merited honours in the last list. Of Huguenot descent, Sir Arthur has a considerable record of public service rendered, in addition to his business achievements

***

Gratis

THE Firestone Tyre Company offer to send gratis to any motorist a rubberised bag for holding a spare tube if the motorist in his turn will send threepence for postage, the name of the tyre he generally uses, and the name of his dealer. In these days, when you get nothing for nothing and precious little for a sovereign, this offer comes gratefully. Wherefore, if a rubberised bag is useful to you, write 216, Tottenham Court Road.

***

More Mileage

IT must be very cheery in these days, when every little helps most gratefully, to find the mileage increased from 16 to 23 m.p.g. That is given to me as a result secured from a well-known make of car by the expedient of changing a carburetter that would only give 16, to the Zenith which gave 23. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS are specially constructed to withstand vibration, and are proof against buckling even under the severest strain. C.A.V. batteries represent the last word in current storage.
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HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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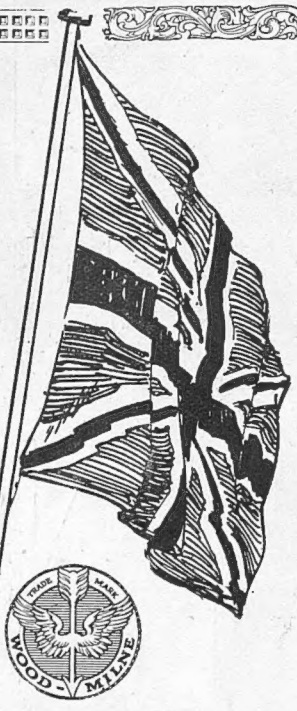

It Seems Incredible

that although there is no shortage of British Tyres, British Motorists are buying foreign tyres to the extent of £3,500,000 a year. Show practical patriotism, and insist on British Tyres.

For example

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British-made MOTOR TYRES

which carry a guarantee (Foreign tyres do not) of 3,500 miles, against all road risks except fire. With reasonable care and luck they are good for double and treble the mileage.

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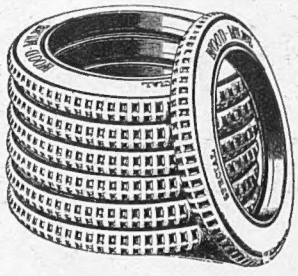

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